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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Regarding so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Harry Dawson, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. 12, '10

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Fritz Christensen, President; Anton Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 8—President, Miss Margaret McRae; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. 2 '11

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Frederick J. Buenzle, Adjutant, Gus Segure. 12, '10

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Mary F. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays. 12, '10

ISMWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James C. Walsh, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain F. A. C. Stuart; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

CLAY MCLEON, No. 168—Hugh S. Meikle, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays. 12, '10

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 23, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

"Whitehall" Gutted by Fire.

"Whitehall," the handsome summer residence of Mr. J. J. Coogan, at the corner of Rhode Island avenue and Catharine street, was completely gutted by fire early Friday morning, the flames presenting such a serious aspect that a second alarm was sounded as soon as the first apparatus arrived upon the scene. The men had worked for several hours before the last of the fire was extinguished and by that time the interior of the handsome building was a complete ruin. The structure would very likely have burned to the ground except for the fact that the walls are constructed of brick and plaster.

It was a little before 6:30 that smoke was seen to be coming from the house, which was unoccupied at the time. An alarm was sent in from box 27 and when the firemen arrived the place seemed to be all on fire, indicating that the flames had been smouldering for some time before they were discovered. It was at once seen that there was a hard job ahead and a second alarm was struck to call more men and apparatus. The worst of the fire seemed to be in the direction of the basement where a heater is located, but from there the flames had worked their way up through all parts of the house. The beautiful front entrance hall was a complete wreck, and in fact there was very little left of any of the interior or of the furnishings. The fire was a hot one, and proved to be a bad place for the firemen to work. The neighborhood was filled with smoke and sparks but very little fire came through the outer covering.

The cause of the fire is not positively known but there seems to be a difference of opinion whether it was due to electric wires or to a heater. If it is ascertained that there was a fire in the heater on that night it will probably be attributed to that. Mr. Coogan was in Newport recently and looked over the property when everything seemed to be all right.

The house was by no means a new one, having been built a number of years ago. Some time ago it was purchased by Mr. J. J. Coogan of New York, who made extensive alterations and thus secured a very attractive house. He had spent the summers there with his family ever since the purchase and had entertained considerably. The house is designed along colonial lines, and is located in the midst of spacious and handsome grounds. The loss will be very large.

Miss Lizette Vose is visiting in New York and Baltimore.

Board of Aldermen.

The monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening when monthly bills were approved and some other business was transacted.

At the beginning of the meeting, Superintendent Lull was present to explain the method in vogue for paying the teachers and which had grown up through the custom. There was a pleasant discussion of the details, and it was thought advisable to let the teachers go to the city treasurer's office hereafter for their money.

Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health	$1,211 80
City Asylum	424 97
Fire department	971 28
Highways and Bridges	849 44
Police	175 78
Paupers and Vagrants	407 62
Public Parks	66 70
Public schools	1,092 82
Agassiz fund	322 90
Mayor's office	13 50
City Clerk's office	17 67
City Treasurer	160 35
Tax collector	100 93
Probate office	8 50
Tax assessors	1 65
Council and aldermen	124 72
City Hall	491 95
Elections	5 00
Water supply	2,501 60
Weights and measures	3 16
Building inspector	95 00
City engineer	1 00
Inspector of plumbing	60
Inspector of milk	31 00
Hospitals	212 62
Cemeteries	50 00
Lighting streets,	2,821 25
Prisons and reformatories	143 91
Miscellaneous charities	85 00
Dog fund	68 00
Touro Synagogue fund,	86 80
	$12,101 90

Bills contracted by the gate keepers on the railroad were looked into, and it was decided to investigate the necessity.

Monthly reports were received from the street commissioner and the inspector of nuisances. The Newport & Fall River Street Railway Co. filed an application to lay conduits on East Bowery street, Webster street, Ochre Point avenue and Narragansett avenue, but as the petition was not accompanied by a plan it was laid on the table temporarily.

Aldermen Mahoney and Kelly were made a committee to change the common gas lights to Welsbach lights. Aldermen Shepley and Leddy were made a committee to see about disposing of the partition that had been removed from the Probate Court office.

At the meeting of the board on Thursday evening weekly bills and payrolls were approved and other business was transacted. The city solicitor was interrogated as to the standing of the cases regarding the Washington street boulevard now pending in the courts. Mr. Sullivan explained that he had consulted with Clark Burdick, attorney for certain petitioners, and also laid the matter before Judge Baker, and is at present awaiting a decision from him as to the next step to take. It is possible that the matter may be certified to the Supreme Court on questions of law.

Bids were opened for printing the City Manuals for 1911, and the lowest bidders were tied. The Mercury Publishing Company and the Milne Printery each bid 93 cents a page and 30 cents a copy for binding. After some discussion the board awarded the contract to the Milne Printery because they did the work last year.

The deed of the abutters of Davis court was approved by the city solicitor, but the deed of Bush street was not approved, as some purchasers of lots there had not signed the deed.

Boy Scouts Organized.

There was a largely attended meeting in the Rogers High School hall on Monday evening for the purpose of organizing the Newport Council, Boy Scouts of America, and listening to an address by S. A. Moffat of New York, a member of the national council of the organization. Before the meeting was adjourned organization had been perfected and everything was in readiness for enrollment of boys and getting right down to the work.

Mr. Daniel LeRoy Dresser presided at the meeting, with Mr. Wilfred H. Chapin as secretary. Nominations were called for for president, and Darius Baker, Frederick P. Garrettson and Thomas P. Peckham were named, Judge Baker being elected. Captain W. McCarty Little was elected vice president for the city of Newport, William McLeod secretary, and Harry A. Titus treasurer. S. P. Cabot, F. P. Garrettson, Commander W. P. Hourigan, Austin L. Sands and Newton Adams were selected for the executive committee. Resolutions were adopted on the death of Admiral Charles S. Sperry, whom the members had hoped to have for their first president. It is intended to have a large public meeting at some subsequent date, when boy scouts from away will be brought here to give a demonstration.

The address of Mr. Moffat was very interesting, going into the history and results of the movement at considerable length.

Mr. T. T. Pitman, proprietor of the Newport Daily News, has issued his tenth annual dividend to the employes of the paper, the distribution being made on the basis of the salaries.

Representative Council.

The session of the representative council on Monday evening was a long one, it being nearly half-past eleven before adjournment was taken, but even so, all the business on the docket was not transacted and there will be another meeting next Monday night for the purpose of taking care of the rest of it. There was a fairly good attendance of members at the meeting but not all of them stayed until adjournment was reached. There was a committee of leading citizens from Malden, Mass., who had come down especially to see the workings of our "model council," and they must have wished many times that they were at home. It was a dry meeting, concerned principally with the routine of the budget and must have been totally devoid of interest for strangers, as it was certainly tiresome for members.

After the roll call and before the reading of the records of the previous session, Chairman Burlingame called up the resignations of two members of the council, and these were accepted, the two members being Admiral S. S. Luce from the third and Edward L. Spencer from the first. In addition there was another vacancy in the first ward delegation caused by the death of Robert G. Foster. The chairman suggested that the delegations fill the vacancies while the records were being read and this was done. Hon. William Paine Sheffield was elected by the third ward delegation and Frank Pearson and Thomas E. Sherman by the first ward delegation. Messrs. Sheffield and Sherman were present and were at once sworn in.

The chairman then read a supplementary report of the committee of 25, making recommendations regarding the matters that had been referred to them aside from the budget, but the budget report was not read as it was in print on the chair of each member. The ordinance making the appropriations in accordance with the report was then taken up. It was found to be arranged very differently from the report itself in order to conform to the new system of bookkeeping, and much difficulty was experienced in harmonizing the two. Many times the members did not know what they were voting on, but Dr. Brackett explained by saying that all the items in the report were incorporated in the ordinance but in a different form. It was long slow work struggling through the ordinance item by item, but although there were some interruptions there was no serious opposition to anything until the new sewer items were reached. The ordinance provided $36,150 for new sewers which included the pumping system for the second ward. As the committee of 25 had recommended that that be paid for by serial bonds that item was removed for a time, and the amount of $11,150 was approved.

When the last item was reached, that of the State tax, there was some talk about the old question of the large proportion that Newport pays as compared with the city of Pawtucket. Mayor Boyle and Dr. Brackett explained that the city of Newport was at fault in having a high valuation and a low tax rate, thus assuming more than her share of the State burden. The item was approved because there was nothing else to be done.

After all the items had been approved a motion was made and carried to put the appropriation of $25,000 for the second ward sewer in the budget, instead of having a bond issue. The whole ordinance was then put upon its passage and was passed.

The resolution providing for a bond issue for the sewerage system was not put before the council as that matter had already been disposed of in the budget.

The ordinance providing for the assment and collection of a tax was then taken up. It was amended so that the amount to be raised by taxation shall be not less than $615,000 and not more than $620,000, and it is to be collected between July 1st and August 31st. Tax Collector Higbee, in response to a question, said that it had not been the policy of the office to collect penalties in September, but the council seemed to want it done so it will be done.

The amendment to the building ordinance was taken up. This allows the use of certain materials not allowed in the original ordinance, and also prohibits the erection of new swinging signs. It was amended to become effective April 1st and was then passed.

A resolution was passed directing the board of aldermen to procure proposals for removal of ashes, etc., for a five-year term, and an amendment to the ordinance regarding refuse was adopted. Two resolutions were passed regarding money turned in by the street commissioner and also a resolution directing that officer to fill in the unused fire reservoirs.

Resolutions were passed requesting the General Assembly to pass an act giving the board of health power to regulate the sale of milk, directing the board of aldermen to change the common gas lamps to Welsbachs, creating a committee to consider the purchase of public playgrounds, creating a committee of 10 to consider the matter of leasing Easton's Beach, referring the extension of the street railway to the board of aldermen. An ordinance was passed amending that ordinance regarding the payment of items into the police pension fund. Also an amendment to the junk ordinance. An ordinance was passed re-creating the office of Inspector of Hacks at a salary of $100. The report on the eligibility of J. Alton Barker as a member of the council was received and accepted, Mr. Barker retaining his seat. Two amendments to the State laws, regarding slaughtering, and the appointment of the inspector of milk, were approved.

There was a long discussion over a resolution requesting the General Assembly to pass an act excepting Newport from the provisions of the election law so far as the small voting districts are concerned. A roll call was taken and the resolution was passed, 34 to 24. A resolution approving a public utilities bill now before the Legislature was read, but adjournment was taken before the matter was discussed.

Recent Deaths.

William C. Cozzens.

Mr. William C. Cozzens, son of the late William C. Cozzens of this city, died at his home in Stamford, Conn., on Friday of last week, after a short illness from double pneumonia. His mother, Mrs. William C. Cozzens, and his brother, Mr. George F. Cozzens, of this city, were notified of his serious condition on Friday and hastened at once to his bedside. He is survived by his young wife, to whom he was married only last summer. He was attacked by pneumonia only a few days before his death but the disease made such rapid progress that it was soon seen that his condition was very serious. Although of a robust and healthy constitution, Mr. Cozzens was unable to resist the progress of the disease and failed steadily until the end came.

Mr. Cozzens was in his thirty-third year. The greater part of his life had been spent in Newport, and he was well known and very popular among the younger men and women of Newport. After studying for a time in the Rogers High School, where he obtained quite a reputation as an athlete, he entered the employ of his father, who conducted a large carpet and wall paper business where the Star Theatre is now located. After the death of the elder Mr. Cozzens the young man went to New York and occupied several positions in the Wall street section of the city. At the time of his death he held an important position with one of the larger bonding houses, and was highly esteemed by his employers. Last summer he married Miss Carrie Skelding of Stamford, Conn., and had made his home in that city.

The funeral services were held in Stamford on Monday and many relatives and friends from Newport attended.

Considerable changes will be made to the grounds of "Bleak House," the handsome summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. Marsden J. Perry, before the opening of another season. The contractor has already hauled considerable material to the location. The changes will be radical in their nature, some new roads and approaches being constructed through the property.

The wedding of Countess Margot von Berckheim, daughter of Mrs. Joseph F. Stone, to Mr. Samuel Norris of Bristol, will take place at Mrs. Stone's residence on Bellevue avenue and Webster street at noon on Saturday, March 18. The wedding will be rather a quiet affair, invitations being extended only to relatives and immediate friends.

Newport has contributed a few men toward the forces that are being mobilized on the Mexican frontier. A detail of marines from the Training Station and several officers of the Coast Artillery from the forts have gone to the front. At both Forts Adams and Greble, the entire equipment is being looked over and put into condition for instant use.

There was a small sized riot in a Chinese restaurant Monday evening between soldiers and sailors. The police were called and three officers gathered in the seven men who were engaged in the combat. They were fined in the police court the next morning.

Mr. John J. Harrington, who had been in the employ of Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor as a gardener for thirty-six years, died suddenly at his home on Annandale road on Sunday last. He is survived by a widow, one daughter, and two sisters.

Ulysses G. Scott, formerly well known in this city, where he was engaged in the bicycle business, died in New York last week. He had been engaged in the automobile business in that city since he left Newport.

Superior Court.

The Superior Court for Newport County began its March session on Monday with Judge Baker presiding. There are indications of a busy session, the Walker divorce case occupying several days of the first week.

The court opened early and before the grand jurors reported the civil docket was examined. Those cases were suspended, however, to select the grand jury, of which Ralph R. Barker of Newport was appointed foreman. They later reported a true bill against Thomas Martin for forging and uttering a check on Acker, Merrill & Condit.

A new trial was asked for in the old case of Henry J. Jones vs. General House Cleaning Co., and it was set down for a hearing in April. The two equity cases against Daniel B. Curran et al, Jeremiah Brown being the plaintiff in one and William E. Brightman in the other, were heard. The defendant, Mr. Brown, has died, but the case goes on. This had to do with the question of a right of way in the town of Tiverton. The case was a long one, much evidence being taken and many records being introduced. After the testimony was completed Tuesday morning, the case was dropped for a time, as the arguments will be heard in Providence.

Tuesday morning divorce cases were in order. Nora F. Killian was divorced from James F. Killian, with leave to resume her maiden name. Mary G. Knox was granted divorce and custody of her child in her case against John Knox. The case of George W. Eddy of New Shoreham against Ida S. Eddy was heard, desertion being alleged. Decision was reserved. In Fanny Weaver vs. James E. Weaver decision was for petitioner. Minnie Russell was divorced from Charles T. Russell on the ground of neglect to provide. Bessie W. Manchester of Portsmouth was divorced from Jonathan G. Manchester on the ground of non-support.

Tuesday afternoon the contested Walker divorce case was put on. This is a suit for separate maintenance brought by Mrs. Nina Walker against her husband James W. G. Walker, a civil engineer attached to the Naval Training Station here. The case has been in the courts for a long time under one form or another and has rather more unpleasant features than the usual divorce case. Sheffield, Levy & Harvey were the attorneys of record for the petitioner and Burdick & McLeod for the respondent. The case was fought bitterly and every witness was examined and cross-examined at considerable length. Intimate details of the life were disclosed and it was very evident that there was no likelihood of patching up the differences that exist.

Wednesday morning the Walker case was suspended temporarily to allow the attorney general's criminal docket to be gone over. Thomas Martin, indicted for forgery, was called and in view of some extenuating circumstances he was allowed to go on probation. Richard M. Healy was fined $50 and costs for assault with a razor. In State vs. Liquors and Vessels of Henry Guimond, forfeiture was ordered. The Duckworth cases were allowed to go over on account of illness. Then the Walker case was resumed and occupied the rest of the week's session.

Mr. Michael F. Sullivan died at the Newport Hospital on Wednesday as the result of a fall that he sustained on January 2nd. While working on the roof of his house on Friendship street he fell to the ground and had since remained in a precarious condition at the Hospital. It was at first thought that he could live but a few days, but his vitality proved remarkable. He had been engaged in business as a grocer for a number of years, his store being in the Read block at Thames and Marlboro streets. He is survived by a widow.

The marriage of Mr. James G. Blaine, 3rd, son of the late Mrs. William T. Bull, and Miss Marion Dow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Dow, took place at the home of the bride's parents in Boston on Thursday. Owing to the death of Mr. Blaine's mother, the wedding was a very quiet affair. Mr. and Mrs. Blaine will spend their honeymoon abroad.

Mr. Thomas E. Sherman was tendered a surprise party on Monday evening in honor of the twenty-first (?) anniversary of his birth. In the midst of the celebration he was informed by telephone that he had been elected a member of the representative council. He grabbed his hat and departed for the council session.

The highway department has begun to get ready for spring work on the streets, and the weather of the last few days has made it seem as if spring is really near at hand. Pussy willows are in blossom, and there is an occasional patch of green to be seen.

Mr. Harry Alger is arranging an excursion to Washington during Easter week.

Provision Company Burned.

The property of the Newport Provision Company, of which Mr. Avard L. Marshall is the manager, was considerably damaged by fire Thursday evening. The establishment is located on Washington street and had been closed for the night when persons in the vicinity saw smoke coming from the second story. A telephone message was sent to headquarters and box 122 was struck. This was not the nearest box but the department made good time nevertheless, and after about a half-hour had the flames extinguished.

It is supposed that the fire caught around a stove pipe, and had made considerable progress before being discovered. The interior of the building was considerably damaged, especially on the second floor, and there was some loss to contents, but the stock was somewhat lower than ordinary.

Gardner Rutherford, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Rutherford, was missing from home for several days this week. He was located in Worcester on Friday and will return to his home here.

Mrs. Frances (Hermann) Nutting, a native of this city, died in Slatersville on Monday. She was the widow of Rev. James H. Nutting.

MIDDLETOWN.

The Oliphant Club conducted an interesting afternoon on "Nature Study" last week at the home of Mrs. Gertrude Wilbor. Among other matter used were the monthly "Nature Guard" leaflets issued by the R. I. College. A choice collection of poems on Nature, compiled by Kate Douglass Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, added to the program.

Rev. Clayton E. Delamater gave on Sunday evening at the Methodist Church, the fifth in his series of free illustrated lectures along missionary lines, "Darkest Chicago and her Waifs," accompanied by 101 slides. The lectures are very instructive and give the audience a glimpse of life of which no conception could otherwise be formed. There remains but one more lecture of this series, "The Diamond Fields of Dixie," which will occur March 20.

The annual Turkey Supper given by the men of the Methodist Church Tuesday evening while considerably later in the winter than usual was nevertheless largely attended. The supper was in every way a success, the menu abundant and excellent in quality, 160 supper tickets being sold and 160 lbs. of turkey eaten. These were purchased by Mr. Charles H. Ward. Rev. C. A. Delamater was chairman of the publicity committee, Wm. L. Brown, of the ticket and reception committee, Wm. J. Peckham and James H. Barker of the purchasing committee. Over a bushel of mashed potato was prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Chase, the same of turnip by Mr. and Mrs. E. Robert Grinnell and a half bushel of cranberries by Mr. and Mrs. James H. Barker. There was also a bushel of onions prepared among those who cooked the turkeys. A musical program was rendered by Miss Sadie D. Peckham and Mrs. John H. Peckham.

The regular monthly meeting of the School Committee was postponed from Tuesday to Friday evening of this week, the supt., Mrs. Edith Norman Hunter, being invited by School Commissioner, Walter E. Ranger, to attend in Providence, a meeting of the superintendents of the state.

Mr. Russell H. Nevins, one of the masters from St. George's School, conducted a free illustrated lecture on Alaska at the Berkeley Parish House on Wednesday evening before a large audience; 64 slides were shown, the stereopticon being operated by two students from the school.

A teachers' meeting will be held at the Wyatt School on Wednesday of next week.

The fifth and last entertainment of the winter lecture course at the Methodist Church will be held next Tuesday evening, an illustrated lecture, "The Filipino and His Country."

The Paradise Club is holding interesting and instructive meetings this year upon the history of America. Wednesday of this week was devoted to the Civil War, 1861-1865, presented by Mrs. F. de M. Bertram. The members were entertained by Mrs. Robert W. Smith at her home on Paradise avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Farnum have been entertaining their only son, Mr. Joseph Elbridge Farnum of Peru, Vermont.

Mrs. Alanson Spooner has been confined to her home the past two weeks by illness. Her elder son, Mr. Edmund Spooner, of East Greenwich, spent a portion of last week with her.

Mr. George Taylor of Bliss road, Newport, mail carrier in Middletown, was the victim of a careless accident on Wednesday. While waiting at the side of Green End avenue, to write out a money order for Mrs. Rescom S. Peckham, a two-horse team driven by a Portuguese ran into him from the rear crushing a wheel and wrecking the mail wagon. The accident was witnessed by a number of the neighbors. Mr. Taylor was somewhat shaken up but unhurt and after borrowing a gig of Mr. Peckham continued his mail route.

Election of Officers.

Mantanomi Club.

President—Clark Burdick.
Member of the Board of Governors, for two years, to fill a vacancy—John W. Covell.
Members of the Board of Governors, for three years—Frank M. Greenlaw, Andrew K. McMahon, William P. Haynsh, Abner L. Gloquin.

Cy Whittaker's Place

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE blizzard began that night. Bayport has a generous allowance of storms and gales during a winter, although, as a usual thing, there is more rain than snow and more wind than either. But we can count with certainty on at least one blizzard between November and April, and about the time when Captain Cy, feverish and ill, the delayed telegram in his pocket and a great fear in his heart, boarded the sleeper of the eastbound train at Washington, snow was beginning to fall in our village.

Next morning, when Georgianna came downstairs to prepare Bosn's breakfast—the housekeeper had ceased to "go home nights" since the captain's absence—the world outside was a tumbled, driving whirl of white. The woodshed and barn, dimly seen through the smother, were but gray shapes, emerging now and then only to be wiped from the vision as by a great flapping cloth wielded by the mighty hand of the wind. The old house shook in the blasts, the window panes rattled as if handfuls of small shot were being thrown against them, and the carpet on the floor of the dining room puffed up in miniature billows.

School was out of the question, and Bos'n, her breakfast eaten, prepared to put in a cozy day with her dolls and Christmas playthings.

"When do you s'pose Uncle Cyrus will get home?" she asked of the housekeeper. She had asked the same thing at least three times a day during the fortnight, and Georgianna's answer was always just as unsatisfactory:

"I don't know, dearie, I'm sure. He'll be here pretty soon, though, don't you fret."

"Oh, I ain't going to fret. I know he'll come. He said he would, and Uncle Cy always does what he says he will."

About 12 Asaph made his appearance, a white statue.

"Godfrey scissors!" he panted, shaking his snow plastered cap over the coal hod. "Say, this is one of 'em, ain't it? Don't know's I ever see more of a one. Drift out by the front fence pretty nigh up to my waist. This'll be a nasty night along the Orham beach. The life savers 'll have their hands full. Whew! I'm about duckered out."

"Been to the postoffice?" asked Georgianna in a low tone.

"Yup. I been there. Mornin' mail just this minute sorted. Train's two hours late. Gabe says more'n likely the evenin' train won't be able to get through at all if this keeps up."

"Was there anything from"—

Mr. Tiddiit glanced at Bos'n and shook his head.

"Not a word," he said. "Funny, ain't it? It don't seem a bit like him. And he can't be to Washington, because all them letters came back. I—I swan to man, I'm beginnin' to get worried."

"Worried? I'm pretty nigh crazy! What does Phoebe Dawes say?"

"She don't say much. It's pretty tough, when everything else is workin' out so fine, thanks to her, to have this happen. No; she don't say much, but she acts pretty solemn."

"Say, Mr. Tiddiit?"

"Yes—what is it?"

"You don't s'pose anything that happened betwixt her and Cap'n Whittaker that afternoon is responsible for—for his staylin' away so, do you? You know what he told me to tell her—about her not comin' here?"

Asaph fidgeted with the wet cap.

"Aw, that ain't nothin'," he stammered—"that is, I hope it ain't. I did say somethin' to him that—but Phoebe understands. She's a smart woman."

"You haven't told them boardin' house tattletales about the—Emmie, you go fetch me a card of matches from the kitchen, won't you—of what's been found out about that Thomas thing?"

"Course I ain't. Didn't Peabody say not to tell a soul till we was sure? S'pose I'd tell Keturah and Angie? Might's well paint it on a sign and be done with it. No, no! I've kept mum, and you do the same. Well, I must be goin'. Hope to goodness we hear some good news from Whit by tomorrer."

But when tomorrow came news of any kind was unobtainable. No trains could get through, and the telephone and telegraph wires were out of commission owing to the great storm. Bayport was buried under a white coverlet three feet thick on a level, which shone in the winter sun as if powdered with diamond dust. The street shoveling brigade, meaning most of the active male citizens, was busy with plows and shovels. Simmons' was deserted in the evening, for most of the regular habitues went to bed after supper tired out.

Two days of this; then Gabe Lumley, his depot wagon replaced by a sleigh, drove the panting Daniel into the yard of the Cy Whittaker place. Gabe was much excited. He had news of importance to communicate and was puffed up in consequence.

"The wire's all right again, Georgianna," he said to the housekeeper, who had hurried to the door to meet him. "Fust message just come through. Guess who it's for?"

"Stop your foolishness, Gabe Lumley!" ordered Miss Taylor. "Hand over that telegram this minute! Don't you stop to talk! Hand it over!"

Gabe didn't intend to be "corked" thus peremptorily.

"It's pretty important news, Georgianna," he declared. "Kind of bad news too. I think I'd ought to prepare you for it sort of. When Capn Obed Pepper died I"—

"Died! For the land sakes! What are you sayin'? Give me that, you fool head! Give it to me!"

She snatched the telegram from him and tore it open. It was not as bad as it might have been, but it was bad enough. Lawyer Peabody wired that Captain Cyrus Whittaker was at his home in Ostable sick in bed and threatened with pneumonia.

Captain Cy, hurrying homeward in response to the attorney's former telegram, had reached Boston the day of the blizzard. He had taken the train for Bayport that afternoon. The train had reached Ostable after 9 o'clock that night, but could get no farther. The captain, burning with fever and torn by chills, had wallowed through the drifts to his lawyer's home and collapsed on his doorstep. Now he was very ill and at times delirious.

For two weeks he lay, fighting off the threatened attack of pneumonia. But he won the fight, and at last word came to the anxious ones at Bayport that he was past the danger point and would pull through. There was rejoicing at the Cy Whittaker place. The board of strategy came and performed an impromptu war dance around the dining room table.

"Whe-e-e!" shouted Bailey Bangs, tossing Bos'n above his head. "Your Uncle Cy's weathered the Horn and is bound for clear water now. Three cheers for our side! Won't we give him a reception when we get him back here!"

"Won't we!" crowed Asaph. "Well, I just guess we will! You ought to hear Angie and the rest of 'em chant hymns of glory about him. A body 'd think they always know he was the salt of the earth. Maybe I don't rub it in a little, hey? Oh, no, maybe not!"

"And Heman!" chimed in Mr. Bangs. "And Heman! Would you ever believe he'd change so all of a sudden? Bully old Whit! I can mention his name now without Keturiy's lindin' on to me like a snowslide. Whee! I say wh-e-e-e!"

He continued to say it, and Georgianna and Asaph said what amounted to the same thing. A change had come over our Bayport social atmosphere, a marvelous change. And at Simmons' and—more wonderful still—at Tad Simpson's barber shop plans were being made and perfected for proceedings in which Cyrus Whittaker was to play the most prominent part.

Meanwhile the convalescence went on at a rapid rate. As soon as he was permitted to talk Captain Cy began to question his lawyer. How about the appeal? Had Atkins done anything further? The answers were satisfactory. The case had been dropped—the Honorable Heman had announced its withdrawal. He had said that he had changed his mind and should not continue to espouse the Thomas cause. In fact, he seemed to have whirled completely about on his pedestal and, like a compass, now pointed only in one direction—toward his "boyhood friend" and present neighbor, Cyrus Whittaker.

"It's perfectly astounding," commented Peabody. "What in the world, captain, did you do to him while you were in Washington?"

"Oh, nothin' much," was the rather disinterested answer. "Him and me had a talk, and he saw the error of his ways, I cal'late. How's Bos'n today? Did you give her my love when you phoned?"

"So far as the case is concerned," went on the lawyer, "I think we should have won that, anyway. It's a curious thing. Thomas has disappeared. How he got word or who he got it from I don't know, but he must have, and he's gone somewhere, no one knows where. And yet I'm not certain that we were on the right trail. It seemed certain a week ago, but now"—

The captain had not been listening. He was thinking. Thomas had gone, had he? Good! Heman was living up to his promises. And Bos'n, God bless her, was free from that danger.

"Have you heard from Emmie? I asked you," he repeated.

He would not listen to anything further concerning Thomas either then or later. He was sick of the whole business, he declared, and now that everything was all right didn't wish to talk about it again. He asked nothing about the appropriation, and the lawyer, acting under strict orders, did not mention it.

Only once did Captain Cy inquire concerning a person in his home town who was not a member of his household.

"How is—er—how's the teacher?" he inquired one morning.

"How's who?"

"Why, Phoebe Dawes, the schoolteacher. Smart, is she?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, she has been the most"—

The doctor came in just then, and the interview terminated. It was not resumed, because that afternoon Mr. Peabody started for Boston on a business trip, to be gone some time.

And at last came the great day, the day when Captain Cy was to be taken home. He was up and about, had been out for several short walks and was very nearly his own self again. He was in good spirits, too, at times, but had fits of seeming depression which under the circumstances were unexplainable. The doctor thought they were due to his recent illness and forbade questioning.

The original plan had been for the captain to go to Bayport in the train, but the morning set for his departure was such a beautiful one that Mr. Peabody, who had the day before returned from the city, suggested driving over. So the open carriage, drawn by the Peabody "span," was brought around to the front steps, and the captain, bundled up until, as he said, he felt like a wharf rat inside a cotton bale, emerged from the house which had sheltered him for a weary month and climbed to the back seat. The attorney got in beside him.

"All ashore that's goin' ashore," observed Captain Cy. Then to the driver who stood by the horses' heads he added: "Stand by to get ship under way, commodore. I'm homeward bound, and there's a little messmate of mine waitin' on the dock already, I wouldn't wonder. So don't hang around these waters no longer 'n you can help."

But Mr. Peabody smiled and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Just a minute, captain," he said. "We've got another passenger. She came to the house last evening, but Dr. Cole thought this would be an exciting day for you, and you must sleep in preparation for it. So we kept her in the background. It was something of a job, but— Hurrah! Here she is!"

Mrs. Peabody, the lawyer's wife, opened the front door. She was laughing. The next moment a small figure shot past her down the steps and into the carriage like a red hooded bombshell.

"UNCLE CYRUS!" SHE SCREAMED JOYOUSLY.

"Uncle Cyrus!" she screamed joyously. "Uncle Cyrus, it's me! Here I am!"

And Captain Cy, springing up and shedding wraps and robes, received the bombshell with open arms and hugged it tight.

"Bos'n!" he shouted. "By the big dipper, Bos'n! Why, you little—you—you"—

CHAPTER XXIII.

THAT was a wonderful ride. Emily sat in the captain's lap—he positively refused to let her sit beside him on the seat, although Peabody urged it, fearing the child might tire him—and her tongue rattled like a sewing machine. She had a thousand things to tell—about her school, about Georgianna, about her dolls, about Lonesome, the cat, and how many mice he had caught, and about the big snowstorm.

"Georgianna wanted me to stay at home and wait for you, Uncle Cy," she said, "but I teased and teased, and finally they said I could come over. I came yesterday on the train. Mr. Tiddiit went with me to the depot. Mrs. Peabody let me peek into your room last night, and I saw you eating supper. You didn't know I was there, did you?"

"You bet I didn't! There'd have been a mutiny right then if I'd caught sight of you. You little sculpin! Playin' it on your Uncle Cy, was you? I didn't know you could keep a secret so well."

"Oh, yes, I can! Why, I know an ever so much bigger secret too. It is— Why, I most forgot! You just wait."

The captain laughingly begged her to divulge the big secret, but she shook her small head and refused. The horses trotted on at a lively pace, and the miles separating Ostable and Bayport were subtracted one by one. It was magnificent winter weather. The snow had disappeared from the road, except in widely separated spots, but the big drifts still heaped the fields and shone and sparkled in the sunshine. Against their whiteness the pitch pines and cedars stood darkly green and the skeleton scrub oaks and bushes cast delicate blue pencilled shadows. The bay, seen over the flooded, frozen salt meadows and distant dunes, was in its winter dress of the deepest sapphire, trimmed with whitecaps and fringed with stranded ice cakes. There were a snap and a tang in the breeze which braced one like a tonic. The party in the carriage was a gay one.

"Getting tired, captain?" asked Peabody.

"Who? Me? Well, I guess not. Most home, Bos'n. There's the salt works ahead there."

They passed the abandoned salt works, the crumbling ruins of a dead industry, and the boundary stone, now half hidden in a drift, marking the beginning of Bayport township. Then, from the pine grove at the curve further on, appeared two capped and coated figures, performing a crazy fandango.

"Who's them two lunatics," inquired Captain Cy, "whoopin' and carryin' on in the middle of the road? Has anybody up this way had a jug come by express or— Hey! What? Why, you old idiots you! Come here and let me get hold of you!"

The board of strategy swooped down upon the carriage like Trumet mosquitoes on a summer boarder. They swarmed into the vehicle, Bailey on the front seat and Asaph in the rear, where, somehow or other, they made room for him. There were handshakings and thumps on the back.

"What you doin' way up here in the west end of nowhere?" demanded Captain Cy. "By the big dipper, I'm glad to see you! How'd you get here?"

"Walked," cackled Bailey, "frogged it all the way. Soon's Mrs. Peabody wired you was goin' to ride, me and Ase started to meet you. Want'd you surprised?"

"We wanted to be the fust to say howdy, old man," explained Asaph. "Wanted to welcome you back, you know."

The captain was immensely pleased.

"Well, I'm glad I've got so much popularity, anyhow," he said. "Guess 'twill be different when I get down street, hey? Don't cal'late Tad and Angie 'll shed the joyous tear over me. Never mind; long's my friends are glad I don't care about the rest."

The board looked at each other.

"Tad?" repeated Bailey. "And Angie? What you talkin' about? Why, they— Ugh!"

The last exclamation was the result of a tremendous dig in the ribs from the Tiddiit fist. Asaph, who had leaned forward to administer it, was frowning and shaking his head. Mr. Bangs relapsed into a grinning silence.

West Bayport seemed to be deserted. At one or two houses, however, feminine heads appeared at the windows. One old lady shook a calico apron at the carriage. A child beside her cried "Hurrah!"

"Aunt Hepsy b'lieve's colors by mistake!" laughed the captain. "She ain't got her specs, I guess, and thinks I'm Heman. That comes of ridin' astern of a span, Peabody."

But as they drew near the center flags were flying from front yard poles. Some of the houses were decorated.

"What in the world"— began Captain Cy. "Land sakes! Look at the schoolhouse, and Simmons', and—and Simpson's!"

The schoolhouse flag was flapping in the wind. The scarred wooden pillars of its portico were hidden with bunting. Simmons' front displayed a row of little banners, each bearing a letter. The letters spelled "Welcome Home!" Tad's barber shop was more or less artistically wreathed in colored tissue paper. There, too, a flag was draped over the front door. Yet not a single person was in sight.

"For goodness' sake," cried the bewildered captain, "what's all this mean? And where is everybody? Have all hands"—

He stopped in the middle of the sentence. They were at the foot of Whittaker's hill. Its top, between the Atkins' gate and the Whittaker fence, was black with people. Children pranced about the outskirts of the crowd. A shout came down the wind. The horses, not in the least fatigued by their long canter, trotted up the slope. The shouting grew louder. A wave of youngsters came racing to meet the equipage.

"What—what in time?" gasped Captain Cy. "What's up? I"—

And then the town clerk seized him by the arm. Peabody shook his other hand. Bos'n threw her arms about his neck. Bailey stood up and waved his hat.

"It's you, you old critter!" whooped Asaph. "It's you, d'you understand?"

"The appropriation has at last gone through," explained the lawyer, "and this is the celebration in consequence. And you are the star attraction, because, you see, every one knows you are responsible for it."

"That's what!" howled the excited Bangs. "And we're going to show you what we think of you for doin' it. We've been plannin' this for over a fortnit."

"And I knew it all the time," squealed Bos'n, "and I didn't tell a word, did I?"

"Three cheers for Captain Whittaker!" bellowed a person in the crowd. This person—wonder of wonders!—was Tad Simpson.

The cheering was, considering the size of the crowd, tremendous. Bewildered and amazed, Captain Cy was assisted from the carriage and escorted to his front door. Amid the handkerchief waving, applauding people he saw Keturah Bangs and Alpheus Smalley and Angeline Phinney and Captain Salters—even Alonzo Snow, his recent opponent in town meeting. Josiah Dimick was there, too, apparently having a fit.

On the doorstep stood Georgianna, and—and—yes, it was true—beside her, grandly extending a welcoming hand, the majestic form of the Hon. Heman Atkins. Some one else was there also, some one who hurriedly slipped back into the crowd as the owner of the Cy Whittaker place came up the path between the hedges.

Mr. Atkins shook the captain's hand and then, turning toward the people, held up his own for silence. To all outward appearance he was still the great Heman, our district idol, philanthropist and leader. His silk hat glistened as of old; his chest swelled in the old manner; his whiskers were just as dignified and awe inspiring. For an instant, as he met the captain's eye, his own faltered and fell, and there was a pleading expression in his face, the lines of which had deepened just a little, but only for an instant; then he began to speak.

"Cyrus," he said, "it is my pleasant duty, on behalf of your neighbors and friends here assembled, to welcome you to your—er—ancestral home after your trying illness. I do it heartily, sincerely, gladly. And it is the more pleasing to me to perform this duty because, as I have explained publicly to my fellow townspeople, all disagreement between us is ended. I was wrong—again I publicly admit it. A scheming blackleg, posing in the guise of a loving father, imposed upon me. I am sorry for the trouble I have caused you. Of you and of the little girl with you I ask pardon—I entreat forgiveness."

He paused. Captain Cy, the shadow of a smile at the corner of his mouth, nodded and said briefly:

"All right, Heman. I forgive you."

Few heard him. The majority were applauding the congressman. Sylvanus Cahoon, whispering in the ear of Uncle Bedny, expressed as his opinion that "that was about as magnaminous a thing as ever I heard said—yes, sir, mag-na-mi-nous—that's what I call it."

"But," continued the great Atkins, "I have said all this to you before. What I have to say now—what I left my duties in Washington expressly to come here and say—is that Bayport thanks you, I thank you, for your tremendous assistance in obtaining the appropriation which is to make our harbor a busy port, where our gallant fishing fleet may ride at anchor and unload its catch, instead of transferring it in dories, as heretofore. Friends, I have already told you how this man," laying a hand on the captain's shoulder, "came to the capital and used his influence among his acquaintances in high places, with the result that the $30,000 which I had despaired of getting was added to the bill. I had the pleasure of voting for that item. It passed. I am proud of that vote."

Tremendous applause. Then some one called for three cheers for Mr. Atkins. They were given. But the recipient merely bowed.

"No, no," he said deprecatingly—"no, no, not for me, my friends, much as I appreciate your gratitude. My days of public service are nearly at an end. As I have intimated to some of you already, I am seriously considering retiring from political life in the near future. But that is irrelevant; it is not material at present. Today we meet not to say farewell to the setting but to greet the rising sun. I call for three cheers for our committee of one—Captain Cyrus Whittaker."

When the uproar had at last subsided there were demands for a speech from Captain Cy. But the captain, facing them, his arms about the delighted Bos'n, positively declined to orate.

"I—I'm ever so much obliged to you, folks," he stammered. "I am so. But you'll have to excuse me from speechmakin'. They—they didn't teach it afore the mast, where I went to college. Thank you just the same. And do come and see me, everybody. Me and this little girl," drawing Emily nearer to him, "will be real glad to have you."

After the handshaking and congratulating were over the crowd dispersed. It was a great occasion; all agreed to that. But the majority considered it a divided triumph. The captain had done a lot for the town, of course, but the Honorable Atkins had made another splendid impression by his address of welcome. Most people thought it as fine as his memorable effort at town meeting. Unlike that one, however, in this instance it is safe to say that none, not even the adoring and praise chanting Miss Phinney, derived quite the enjoyment from the congressman's speech that Captain Cy did. It tickled his sense of humor.

"Ase," he observed irrelevantly when the five—Tiddiit, Georgianna, Bailey, Bos'n and himself—were at last alone again in the sitting room, "it don't pay to tip over a monument, does it—not out in public, I mean? You wouldn't want to see me blow up Bunker Hill, would you?"

"Blow up Bunker Hill!" repeated Asaph in alarmed amazement. "Godfrey scissors, I believe you're goin' loony! This day's been too much for you. What are you talkin' about?"

"Oh, nothin'," with a quiet chuckle. "I was thinkin' out loud, that's all. Did you ever notice them imitation stone pillars on Heman's house? They're holler inside, but you'd never guess it. And long as you do know they're holler you can keep a watch on 'em. And there's one thing sure," he added, "they are ornamental."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WONDER where Phoebe went to," remarked Mr. Tiddiit a little later. "I thought I saw her with Heman and Georgianna on the front steps when we drove up."

"She was there," affirmed the housekeeper. "She'd been helpin' me trim up the rooms here. What do you think of 'em, Cap'n Cyrus? Ain't they pretty?"

The sitting room and dining room were gay with evergreens and old fashioned flowers. Our living room windows in the winter time are usually filled with carefully tended potted plants, and the neighbors had lent their geraniums and fuchsias and heliotropes and begonias to brighten the Whittaker house for its owner's return. Captain Cy, who was sitting in the rocker with Bos'n on his knee, looked about him. Now that the first burst of excitement was over he seemed grave and preoccupied.

"They look mighty pretty, Georgianna," he said, "fine enough. But what was that you just said? Did"—

"Yup," interrupted Miss Taylor, who had scarcely ceased talking since breakfast that morning. "Yes, 'twas teacher that helped fix em. Not that I wouldn't have got along without her, but I had more to do than a little cleanin' and scrubbin' up. So Phoebe she come in, and— Oh, yes, as I was sayin', she was out front with me, but the minute your carriage drove up with that lovely span— Ain't that a fine span? I cal'late they're"—

"What become of teacher?" broke in Bailey.

"Why, she run off somewheres. I didn't see where she went to; I was too busy hollerin' at Cap'n Whittaker and noticin' that span. I bet you they made Angie Phinney's eyes stick out. I guess she realizes that we in this house are some punkins now. If I don't lord it over her when I run acrost her these days, then I miss my guess. I"—

"Belay!" ordered Captain Cy, his gravity more pronounced than ever. "How does it happen that you— See here, Georgianna, did you tell Ph—er—Miss Dawes what I told you to tell her when I went away?"

"Why, yes, I told her. I hated to dreadful, but I done it. She was awful set back at fust, but I guess she asked Mr. Tiddiit— Where you goin', Mr. Tiddiit?"

The town clerk, his face red, was on his way to the door.

"Asked Ase?" repeated the captain. "Ase, come here! Did you tell her anything?"

Asaph was very much embarrassed.

"Well," he stammered, "I didn't mean to, Cy, but she got to askin' me questions, and somehow or 'nother I did tell her about our confab, yours and mine. I told her that I knew folks was talkin' and I felt 'twas my duty to tell you so. That's why I done it, and I told her you said—well, you know what you said yourself, Cy."

Captain Cy was evidently much disturbed. He put Bos'n down and rose to his feet.

"Well," he asked sharply, "what did she say?"

"Oh, she was white and still for a minute or two. Then she kind of stamped her foot and went off and left me. But next time she met me she was nice as pie. She's been pretty

CONTINED ON PAGE THREE

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Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910.
Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 5.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 p. m. then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6.20 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 8.50 a. m., the same as week days.

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Change of time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.45 a. m., then every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays, 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 8.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

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Time Table in Effect Oct. 3, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

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CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

frosty to Angie and the rest of you, but she's been always nice to Bailey and me. Why, when I asked her pardon she said not at all, she was very glad to know the truth; it helped her to understand things. And you could see she meant it too. She"—

"So she has been comin' here ever since. And the gossip has been goin' on, I s'pose. Well, by the big dipper, it'll stop now! I'll see to that!"

The board of strategy and the housekeeper were amazed.

"Gossip!" repeated Bailey. "Well, I guess there ain't nothin' said against her now—not in this town, there ain't! Why, all hands can't praise her enough for her smartness in findin' out about that Thomas. If it wan't for her he'd be botherin' you yet, Cy. You know it. What are you talkin' about?"

Captain Cy passed his hand over his forehead.

"Bos'n," he said slowly, "you run and help Georgianna in the kitchen a spell. She's got her dinner to look out for, I guess likely. Georgianna," to the housekeeper, who looked anything but eager, "you better see to your dinner right off, and take Emmie with you."

Miss Taylor reluctantly departed, leading Bos'n by the hand. The child was loath to leave her uncle, but he told her he wouldn't give a cent for his first dinner at home if she didn't help in preparing it. So she went out happy.

"Now, then," demanded the captain, "what's this about Phoebe and Thomas? I want to know. Stop! Don't ask another question. Answer me first."

So the board of strategy, by turns and in concert, told of the drive to Trumet and the call on Debby Beasley. Asaph would have narrated the story to the upset sulky, but Bailey shut him up in short order.

"Never mind that foolishness," he snapped. "You see, Cy, Debby had just been out to Arizona visitin' old Beasley's niece. And she'd fell in with a woman out there whose husband had run off and left her. And Debby she read the advertisement about him in the Arizona paper, and it said he had the springhalt in his off hind leg, or somethin' similar. Now, Thomas, he had that, too, and there was other things that reminded Phoebe of him. So she don't say nothin' to nobody, but she writes to this woman askin' for more partic'lars and a photograph of the missin' one. The partic'lars come, but the photograph didn't; the wife didn't have none, I b'lieve. But there was enough to send Phoebe hotfoot to Mr. Peabody. And Peabody he writes to his lawyer friend in Butte, Mont. And the Butte man he"—

"Well, the long and short of it is," cut in Tidditt, "that it looked safe and sartin that Thomas had married the Arizona woman while his real wife, Bos'n's ma, was livin' and had run off and left her same as he did Mary. And the funny part of it is"—

"The funny part of it is," declared Bangs, drowning his friend's voice by raising his own, "that somebody out there, some scalawag friend of this Thomas, must have got wind of what was up and sent word to him, 'cause when they went to hunt for him in Boston he'd gone, skipped, cut stick. And they ain't seen him since. He was afraid of bein' took up for a bigamist, you see—for bein' a bigamy, I mean. Well, you know what I'm tryin' to say. Anyhow, if it hadn't been for me and Phoebe"—

"You and Phoebe!" snorted Asaph. "You had a whole lot to do with it, didn't you? You and Aunt Debby 'll do to go together. I understand she's cruisin' 'round makin' proclamations that she was responsible for the whole thing. No, sir-ree! It's Phoebe Dawes that the credit belongs to, and this town ain't done nothin' but praise her since it come out. You never see such a quick come-about in your life unless 'twas Heman's. But you knew all this afore, Whit. Peabody must have told you."

Captain Cy had listened to his friend's story with a face expressive of the most blank astonishment. As he learned of the trip to Trumet and its results his eyes and mouth opened, and he repeatedly rubbed his forehead and muttered exclamations. Now, at the mention of his lawyer's name, he seemed to awaken.

"Hold on!" he interrupted, waving his hand. "Hold on! By the big dipper, this is—is— Where is Peabody? I want to see him."

"Here I am, captain," said the attorney. He had been out to the barn to superintend the stabling of the span, but for the past five minutes had been standing, unnoticed by his client, on the threshold of the dining room.

"See here," demanded Captain Cy—"see here, Peabody, is this yarn true? Is it, now—this about Phoebe and all?"

"Certainly it's true. I supposed you knew it. You didn't seem surprised when I told you the case was settled."

"Surprised! Why, no! I thought Heman had— Never mind that. Land of love, she did it—she!"

He sat weakly down. The lawyer looked anxious.

"Mr. Tidditt," he whispered, "I think perhaps he had better be left alone for the present. He's just up from a sickbed, and this has been a trying forenoon. Come in again this afternoon. I shall try to persuade him to take a nap."

The board of strategy, its curiosity unsatisfied, departed reluctantly. When Mr. Peabody returned to the sitting room he found that naps were far indeed from the captain's thoughts. The latter was pacing the sitting room floor.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "She was standin' on the steps with Heman. Have you seen her since?"

His friend was troubled.

"Why, yes, I've seen her," he said. "I have been talking with her. She has gone away."

"Gone away! Where? What do you mean? She ain't—ain't left Bayport?"

"No, no! What in the world should she leave Bayport for? She has gone to her boarding house. I guess. At all events, she was headed in that direction."

"Why didn't she shake hands with me? What made her go off and not say a word? Oh, well, I guess likely I know the why!" He sighed despondently. "I told her never to come here again."

"You did? What in the world"—

"Well, for what I thought was good reasons; all on her account they was. And yet she did come back and kept comin' even after Ase blabbed the whole thing. However, I s'pose that was just to help Georgianna. Oh, hum! I am an old fool."

The lawyer inspected him seriously.

"Well, captain," he said slowly, "if it is any comfort for you to know that your reason isn't the correct one for Miss Dawes' going away I can assure you on that point. I think she went because she was greatly disappointed and didn't wish to see you just now."

"Disappointed? What do you mean?"

"Humph! I didn't mean to tell you yet, but I judge that I'd better. No one knows it here but Miss Dawes and I, and probably no one but us three need ever know it. You see, the fact is that the Arizona woman, Desire Higgins, isn't Mrs. Thomas at all. He isn't her missing husband."

"What?"

"Yes, it's so. Really it was too much of a coincidence to be possible, and yet it certainly did seem that it would prove true. This Higgins woman was apparently so anxious to find her missing man that she was ready to recognize almost any description, and the slight lameness and the fact of his having been in Montana helped along. If we could have got a photograph sooner the question would have been settled. Only last week, while I was in Boston, I got word from the detective agency that a photo had been received. I went to see it immediately. There was some resemblance, but not enough. Henry Thomas was never Mr. Higgins."

"But—but—they say Thomas has skipped out."

CHAPTER XXV.

"YES, he has," went on Lawyer Peabody, speaking about Thomas. "That's the queer part of it. At the place where he boarded we learned that he got a letter from Arizona—trust the average landlady to look at postmarks—that he seemed greatly agitated all that day and left that night. No one has seen him since. Why he went is a puzzle, where we don't care. So long as he keeps out of our way that's enough."

Captain Cy did not care either. He surmised that Mr. Atkins might probably explain the disappearance. And yet, oddly enough, this explanation was not the true one. The Honorable Heman solemnly assured the captain that he had not communicated with Emily's father. He intended to do so as a part of the compact agreed upon at the hotel, but the man had fled. And the mystery is still unsolved. The supposition is that there really was a wife somewhere in the west. Who or where she was no Bayporter knows. Henry Thomas has never come back to explain.

"I told Miss Dawes of the photograph and what it proved," went on Peabody. "She was dreadfully disappointed. She could hardly speak when she left me. I urged her to come in and see you, but she wouldn't. Evidently she had set her heart on helping you and the child. It is too bad, because, practically speaking, we owe everything to her. There is little doubt that the inquiry set on foot by her scared the Thomas fellow into flight. And she has worked night and day to aid us. She is a very clever woman, Captain Whittaker, and a good one. You can't thank her enough. Here! What are you about?"

Captain Cy strode past him into the dining room. The hat rack hung on the wall by the side door. He snatched his cap from the peg and was struggling into his overcoat.

"Where are you going?" demanded the lawyer. "You musn't attempt to walk now. You need rest."

"Rest! I'll rest by and by. Just now I've got business to attend to. Let go of that pea jacket."

"But"—

"No buts about it. I'll see you later. So long!"

He threw open the door and hurried down the walk. The lawyer watched him in amazement. Then a slow smile overspread his face.

"Captain!" he called. "Captain Whittaker!"

Captain Cy looked back over his shoulder. "What do you want?" he asked.

Mr. Peabody's face was now intensely solemn, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"I think she's at the boarding house," he said demurely. "I'm pretty certain you'll find her there."

All the regulars at the perfect boarding house had, of course, attended the reception at the Cy Whittaker place. None of them, with the exception of the schoolmistress, had as yet returned. Dinner had been forgotten in the excitement of the great day, and Keturah and Angeline and Mrs. Tripp had stopped in at various dwellings along the main road to compare notes on the captain's appearance and the Atkins address. Asaph and Bailey and Alpheus Smalley were at Simmons'.

Captain Cy knew better than to attempt his hurried trip by way of the road. He had no desire to be held up and congratulated. He went across lots, in the rear of barns and orchards, wading through drifts and climbing fences as no sane convalescent should. But the captain at that moment was suffering from the form of insanity known as the fixed idea. She had done all this for him—for him. And his last message to her had been an insult.

He approached the Bangs property by the stable lane. No one locks doors in our village, and those of the perfect boarding house were unfastened. He entered by way of the side porch, just as he had done when Gabe Lumley's depot wagon first deposited him in that yard. But now he entered on tiptoe. The dining room was empty. He peered into the sitting room. There by the center table sat Phoebe Dawes, her elbow on the arm of her chair and her head resting on her hand.

"Ahem! Phoebe!" said Captain Cy.

She started, turned and saw him standing there. Her eyes were wet, and there was a handkerchief in her lap.

"Phoebe," said the captain anxiously, "have you been cryin'?"

She rose on the instant. A great wave of red swept over her face. The handkerchief fell to the floor, and she stooped and picked it up.

"Crying!" she repeated confusedly. "Why, no, of course—of course not! I—how do you do, Captain Whittaker? I'm—we're all very glad to see you home again—and well."

She extended her hand. Captain Cy reached forward to take it. Then he hesitated.

"I don't think I'd ought to let you shake hands with me, Phoebe," he said—"not until I beg your pardon."

"Beg my pardon! Why?"

He absently took the hand and held it.

"For the word I sent to you when I went away. 'Twas an awful thing to say, but I meant it for your sake, you know. Honest, I did."

She laughed nervously.

"Oh, that!" she said. "Well, I did think you were rather particular as to your visitors. But Mr. Tidditt explained, and then— You needn't beg my pardon. I appreciate your thoughtfulness. I knew you meant to be kind to me."

"That's what I did. But you didn't obey orders. You kept comin'. Now, why"—

"Why? Did you suppose that I cared for the malicious gossip of such people? I came because you were in trouble, and I hoped to help you. And—and I thought I had helped until a few minutes ago."

Her lip quivered. That quiver went to the captain's heart.

"Helped?" he faltered. "Helped? Why, you've done so much that I can't ever thank you. You've been the only real helper I've had in all this miserable business. You've stood by me all through."

"But it was all wrong. He isn't the man at all. Didn't Mr. Peabody tell you?"

"Yes, yes, he told me. What difference does that make? Peabody be hanged! He ain't in this. It's you and me—don't you see? What made you do all this for me?"

She looked at the floor and not at him as she answered.

"Why, because I wanted to help you," she said. "I've been alone in the

HE ABSENTLY TOOK THE HAND AND HELD IT.

world ever since mother died, years ago. I've had few real friends. Your friendship had come to mean a great deal to me. The splendid fight you were making for that little girl proved what a man you were. And you fought so bravely when almost every one was against you I couldn't help wanting to do something for you. How could I? And now it has come to nothing—my part of it. I'm so sorry."

"It ain't, neither. It's come to everything, Phoebe. I didn't mean to say very much more than to beg your pardon when I headed for here. But I've got to—I've simply got to. This can't go on. I can't have you keep comin' to see me—and Bos'n. I can't keep meetin' you every day. I can't."

She looked up as if to speak, but something, possibly the expression in his face, caused her to look quickly down again. She did not answer.

"I can't do it," continued the captain desperately. "'Tain't for what folks might say. They wouldn't say much when I was around, I tell you. It ain't that. It's because I can't bear to have you just a friend. Either you must be more'n that, or—or I'll have to go somewheres else. I realized that when I was in Washin'ton and cruisin' to California and back. I've either got to take Bos'n and go away for good, or—or"—

She would not help him. She would not speak.

"You see," he groaned—"you see, Phoebe, what an old fool I am. I can't ask you to marry me—me, fifty-five and rough from knockin' round the world, and you, young and educated and a lady. I ain't fool enough to ask such a thing as that. And yet I couldn't stay here and meet you every day and by and by see you marry somebody else. By the big dipper, I couldn't do it! So that's why I can't shake hands with you today—nor any more, except when I say goodby for keeps."

Then she looked up. The color was still bright in her face, and her eyes were moist, but she was smiling.

"Can't shake hands with me?" she said. "Please, what have you been doing for the last five minutes?"

Captain Cy dropped her hand as if his own had been struck with paralysis.

"Good land!" he stammered. "I didn't know I had it—honest truth, I didn't."

Phoebe's smile was still there, faint, but very sweet.

"Why did you stop?" she queried. "I didn't ask you to."

"Why did I stop? Why, because I—I—I declare I'm ashamed"—

She took his hand and clasped it with both her own.

"I'm not," she said bravely, her eyes brightening as the wonder and incredulous joy grew in him. "I'm very proud and very, very happy."

* * * * * * *

There was to be a big supper at the Cy Whittaker place that night. It was an impromptu affair, arranged on the spur of the moment by Captain Cy, who, in spite of the lawyer's protests and anxiety concerning his health, went serenely up and down the main road, inviting everybody he met or could think of. The captain's face was as radiant as a spring sunrise. His smile, as Asaph said, "pretty nigh cut the upper half of his head off." People who had other engagements and would under ordinary circumstances have refused the invitation couldn't say no to his hearty "Can't come? Course you'll come! Man alive, I want you!"

"Invalid, is he?" observed Josiah Dimick after receiving and accepting his own invitation. "Well, I wish to thunder I could be took down with the same kind of disease. I'd be willin' to linger along with it quite a spell if it pumped me as full of joy as Whit seems to be. Don't give laughin' gas to keep off pneumonia, do they? No? Well, I'd like to know the name of his medicine, that's all."

Supper was to be ready at 6. Georgianna, assisted by Keturah Bangs, Mrs. Sylvanus Cahoon and other volunteers, was gloriously busy in the kitchen. The table in the dining room reached from one end of the big apartment to the other. Guests would begin to arrive shortly. Wily Mr. Peabody, guessing that Captain Cy might prefer to be alone, had taken the board of strategy out riding behind the span.

In the sitting room around the baseburner stove were three persons—Captain Cy, Bos'n and Phoebe. Miss Dawes had "come early" at the captain's urgent appeal. Now she was sitting in the rocker at one side of the stove, gazing dreamily at the ruddy light behind the isinglass panes. She looked quietly, blissfully contented and happy. At her feet on the braided mat sat Bos'n playing with Lonesome, who purred lazily. The little girl was happy, too, for was not her beloved Uncle Cyrus at home again with all danger of their separation ended forevermore?

As for Captain Cy himself, the radiant expression was still on his face, brighter than ever. He looked across at Phoebe, who smiled back at him. Then he glanced down at Bos'n. And all at once he realized that this was the fulfillment of his dream. Here was his "picture." The sitting room was now as he had always loved to think of it—as it used to be. He was in his father's chair, Phoebe in the one his mother used to occupy and between them—just where he had sat so often when a boy—the child. The Cy Whittaker place had again and at last come into its own.

He drew a long breath and looked about the room, at the stove, the lamp, the old, familiar furniture, at his grandfather's portrait over the mantel. Then in a flash of memory his father's words came back to him, and he said, laughing aloud from pure happiness:

"Bos'n, run down cellar and get me a pitcher of cider, won't you? There's a good feller."

THE END.

A Clear Case.

It was a murky day, and the old sea captains were talking of a schooner which had been struck by lightning a few days before and adding their contributions to nautical fiction, thinly disguised as fact. "How about the Emma S., Captain Ell?" asked the privileged listener at last. "Wasn't she struck once?"

"She was sir," and Captain Ell fixed his gaze on a crack in the ceiling of the old wharf office. "She was off the capo—home'ard bound, she was."

"I'd like to hear the particulars," said the young man, and all the captains moved in their seats and fixed their eyes on the crack which held the gaze of Captain Ell.

"'Tisn't much to tell, only what might happen to any vessel under similar circumstances," said Captain Ell. "A bolt struck the deck amidships and bore a hole right down through the bottom of the schooner big as a man's leg. The water come rushing in, and of course the Emma S. would have foundered if a second bolt hadn't come and struck my forto'galla'mast, cut it off near the top, turned it end for end and drove it right into the hole, plugging it up and making it water tight.

"'Twas a clear case of what folks call the ravages and repairs of nature," said Captain Ell as he removed his gaze from the crack and let it rest thoughtfully on the ingenuous face of the only landsman in the company.—Youth's Companion.

A Cool Soldier.

A French grenadier who was exasperated at some injustice that had been done him by a field marshal pointed his pistol at the marshal and pulled the trigger, but it did not go off. Without moving a muscle the veteran cried, "Four days in the cells for keeping your arms in a bad state!"

Where the Joke Was.

"All the publishers in the country have turned my song down."

"Cheer up. Think what a laugh you have got on the fellow you stole the music from!"—Toledo Blade.

He Told Her.

"Why did I ever leave home and mother?" sobbed his wife.

"Chiefly because your family was too stingy to take us in," he answered bitterly.—Life.

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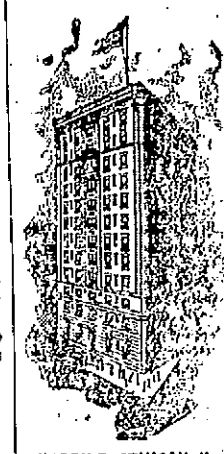

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The Mercury.

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Saturday, March 11, 1911.

A congressman argues that the profit on letter postage should bring about penny postage. But the leak of $62,000,000 a year in second-class matter stands in the way of all such popular improvements.

In view of the fact that the Boston Automobile Show has drawn thousands of people daily it is a safe assertion that as usual many people have bought automobiles that could not afford to. Still, it is mighty tempting.

Secretary Ballinger's enemies have got him out, and are now exulting over the corpse. The jackals yelping at his heels have forced into retirement one of the most valuable servants that the United States has ever had. But 'twas ever thus.

The Hobo march to Washington this year may be a result of the recent revelation of the fact that Coxey, who led an army of unemployed there in the 90s got rich by his hastening of the end of an era of tariff reform and the reinstatement of a protective tariff.

Newport had not had a serious fire in one of the handsome summer residences for a number of years, until "Whitehall" was badly damaged Friday morning. The history of this summer resort shows comparatively few of the summer residences that have been destroyed by fire.

Chicago never intends to let New York get very far ahead of her. The shock caused by the explosion of dynamite near New York a few weeks ago has been to some extent duplicated by the blowing up of a powder factory near enough to Chicago so that much alarm was caused there.

Southern protectionists who vote the Democratic ticket in serene confidence that Republican policies will be on top anyhow will have to come out in the open now. Alabama iron, Louisiana sugar and Georgia lumber have been saved from free trade by Republican votes, but these states can not always count on the defeat of what they vote for.

There was a great out-pouring of Democratic oratory at the public hearing on universal suffrage before the House committee on special legislation on Wednesday. Practically every Democrat in the State that makes any pretense toward being an orator, either natural or acquired, was present to uplift his voice in the cause of—anything for a change.

That the South is again to be in the saddle when the new Congress comes in is fully evidenced by the chairmanships of the committees of the House which have already been assigned to members from the states south of Mason and Dixon's Line. In the list of forty committees of the next House, the chairmanship of thirty-six of them will go to the South. Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois are the only Northern States that come in for chairmanships.

The city of Providence is very much elated to think it is about to become a trans-Atlantic port. The Fabre line of steamships from Marseilles and the Azores has announced that it will make its terminal in Providence on June 16. While this is not the largest line in the world it will make a very creditable starter for the little city up the State. The greatest difficulty will be for the steamship people to avoid the narrow, crooked channel leading to the city. Down this way there is plenty of open water.

There can no longer be a question as to the reason for massing United States soldiers, marines and warships near the Mexican frontier. President Taft has decided that there is a possibility of troops being required in Mexico in the event of the death of President Diaz, and if the troops are needed they will be on the spot without delay. His action is supported by the people of this country and the general sentiment of Europe, although the language of diplomacy covers a multitude of nothings. That there is a situation in Mexico which will require a strong hand, is an admitted fact. President Diaz has long held that country up to a certain form of civilization and order, but if his strong personality is removed there is much likelihood of chaos for a time unless some other nation should undertake to maintain order. The vast financial interests of Great Britain, Germany, and possibly France will make those countries anxious to protect their own interests, but under the Monroe Doctrine the United States could resent the landing of foreign troops on this hemisphere. Consequently to protect foreign interests, to say nothing of those of the people of the United States, it behooves the United States to be ready for instant action. Furthermore, as preparedness has always a tendency to prevent war, this very demonstration along the boundary may make it unnecessary to proceed further. A little coercion backed by plenty of bayonets is sometimes as good as a blow. But if United States troops are needed across the border, they will go and they will accomplish their duty when they get there.

General Assembly.

The legislative committees continue to be very busy with public hearings, a number having been held this week. One of the most largely attended, and with much oratory let loose, was the one by the House committee on special legislation of which Joel Peckham is chairman, on the act to abolish the property qualification for voters. Another hearing which brought out much interest was that given by the Senate committee on fisheries in regard to the lobster law. Many fishermen were in attendance to look out for their own interests.

The amendment to the charter of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company was amended and passed by the House and the Senate immediately concurred in the amendment. The act regulating the expenses of Inauguration has been passed by the House with amendments and the Senate will probably concur. The Senate has passed the act validating the acts of George Dell Congdon of this city as a notary public.

The appropriation bill will probably be reported to the House next week, and after that is out of the way things should progress more rapidly.

Extra Session Coming.

(Boston Herald.)

The expected has happened. Congress has adjourned without action by the Senate on the Reciprocity agreement, and President Taft has called the Sixty-second Congress in extra session. Reciprocity should then promptly pass, because of the greatly increased Democratic strength at both ends of the Capitol. The Senate, invariably the Gibraltar of high protection interests, will be nearly so evenly divided politically that few Republican votes will be needed, with the assured Democratic support, to secure the success of the agreement. Of course it will go through the House. The extra session problem will not be one of the Reciprocity pact, but of the other things which the ingenious Democrats may try to attach to the President's coat tails.

Congress once assembled can remain in session as long as it pleases. Mr. Taft is likely to have many occasions to think of the phrase which Mr. Cleveland made memorable of "having Congress on his hands." They are likely, with the connivance of the La Follette insurgents, to see what projects they can "put up on" the Republican Administration, and in general how they can embarrass the party in power, to their own advantage in 1912. The insurgent third of his own party has no love for him. The Democrats, individually and collectively, will be trying to make a reputation. Ambitious members, by their aggressiveness and ingenuity as party strategists, will make life none too easy for the occupant of the White House. He may begin to wonder before he gets through whether Reciprocity was worth the extra session, just as the Republican opponents just now may well query whether the privilege of obstruction in the last Congress was worth the price of having the new one called into existence.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer says: "A single naval battle will settle our next war. Our safety rests absolutely on the fleet, not on fortifications. Our cities are exempt from bombardment under rules of war. Our policy is to keep the fleet of 21 battleships together. Our Atlantic fleet is also a defence for the Pacific, as no Asiatic foe would waste its strength attacking the coast while the Atlantic fleet was en route thither. Our two great naval bases will be Guantanamo, Cuba, and Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. We shall always require warships though all the world should adopt arbitration, just as courts require police to enforce their mandates."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Canadian Parliament Tuesday in supporting reciprocity said that after 50 years of steady effort to get reciprocity with the United States, he took the position that he was simply closing the argument. He compared the stand-pat policy of the opposition to the policy of the Chinese for the last 4000 years. He said the noise made by opponents to the plan made them numerous, until they are counted.

Vermont Valley Railroad, owned by Boston & Maine, has purchased the controlling interest of the Sortwell estate in the Montpelier & Wells River Railroad; the Barre Branch Railroad and Barre Railway. This will give Boston & Maine direct entrance into the granite-producing section of Vermont. The Sortwell roads have, heretofore, been feeders to Central Vermont Railroad, owned by Grand Trunk.

New Haven Railroad interests have purchased New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Steamboat Co., which it will operate as part of the New England Navigation Co. A new steamer, Sankaty, will be placed in service in May, and five-hour service from Boston is promised.

The Artistic Temperament.

A famous singer was undergoing the ministration of the ship's barber.

"I 'opes," said the barber, "that we shall 'ave the pleasure of 'earin' you at the concert tonight."

"No," explained the famous singer, "I've had a long and exhausting season in America and within a few days I am to open in London. I have decided not to do anything on this voyage."

"It's the same way with me," said the barber understandingly. "When I'm hashore I never looks at a razor."—Success Magazine.

First Aid.

"Does 'oo love heaven, fly?"
(Sotto voce) "Yes."
"Would 'oo love to see heaven, fly?"
(Sotto voce) "Yes."
(Smashes it) "Now 'oo's there."—London Tatler.

Perry Victory Centennial.

As stated in the MERCURY last week, Congress without a dissenting vote in the last days of the session appropriated $250,000 towards a fitting memorial for Rhode Island's great naval hero and the men from Rhode Island who fought with him the glorious Battle of Lake Erie on September 10, 1813. General Keifer of Ohio, ex-speaker of the United States House of Representatives, in launching the bill on the floor, spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker, the reading of the bill will make clear to Members the character of the centennial celebration which is to be held during the year 1913 on Put in Bay Island, in Lake Erie, and the purpose of holding it.

The appropriation carried in the bill is to promote such centennial, but mainly, if not exclusively, to be used toward erecting a suitable memorial monument in commemoration of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's naval victory off Put in Bay Island, September 10, 1813, by which the great northern lakes, in principal part, passed, in the War of 1812 with Great Britain, under American control, never again to be given up.

The celebration is to be held and the memorial erected by the Perry's Victory Centennial Commission, created by a joint resolution of the State of Ohio, composed, however, of eight commissioners appointed by the governor of Ohio, President Taft and Gov. Judson Harmon, of Ohio, being each honorary members and vice presidents thereof, and five commissioners appointed by governors of States, authorized by the unanimous action of each of the States of Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kentucky, New York, and of Rhode Island, of whose State the great victor was a son.

The States of Indiana and Minnesota are about to do like manner authorize the same number of commissioners, to be appointed by their respective governors, to participate in the centennial. The State of Louisiana and other States, it is understood, will yet agree to participate.

The President of the United States will be, if this bill becomes a law, authorized to appoint three citizens of the United States as additional commissioners to represent the National Government in conjunction with those of the several participating States in the erection of the memorial, one of whom is to be appointed from the Army and one from the Navy, each of the three commissioners to serve without pay, but their actual and necessary expenses are to be reimbursed to them from the money appropriated by this bill if it is enacted into law.

Ohio has already appropriated $80,000 toward the centennial, and each of the other participating States either have made or will make a suitable appropriation for the same purpose.

The centennial is to take the form of an educational, military, naval, and historical celebration; it is not to be an exposition as commonly understood. There may be educational, military and naval, fish, and other exhibits provided by the commission and by some or all of the participating States.

The bill provides—section 3—that the appropriation authorized shall not operate to require the United States to incur any further debt for the erection of the memorial or for the centennial.

The money appropriated is to be disbursed by the commission, but no part of it can be drawn or become available until the United States commissioners are satisfied a sufficient sum has been appropriated by the participating States, including that appropriated by the United States, to complete the memorial.

I wish I could read the names of the commissioners so far appointed. They are of the most distinguished and patriotic of their respective States.

The Committee on Industrial Arts and Expositions after amending the bill in certain particulars, through its distinguished chairman, Mr. Rodenberg, unanimously recommended its report with these words:

In view of the far-reaching importance to the American Republic of Perry's brilliant naval victory, and as a tribute to the memory of one of our greatest naval officers, your committee is unanimously of the opinion that the Federal Government should cooperate with the States in the erection of this memorial and celebration, and we believe that the Congress should appropriate the sum of $250,000 for such purposes.

Two somewhat memorable hearings were held by the committee on the bill—February 18 and December 10, 1910—at which some of the commissioners, and others, appealingly urged the appropriation for the purposes stated. The later meeting of the committee was eloquently addressed in advocacy of the bill by Mr. George H. Worthington, president, and by Mr. Webster P. Huntington, secretary of the commission; also at some length, by Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky; one of its vice presidents; by Gen. Philip C Hayes, of Illinois; Gov. Judson Harmon, of Ohio; and Hon. (Senator) John P. Sanborn, of Rhode Island, each of whom are members of the Perry's Victory Centennial Commission.

There is no time now for me to pronounce a panegyric on that gallant young naval officer, Oliver Hazard Perry, who, at the close of the battle, dispatched Gen. William Henry Harrison:

We have met the enemy and they are ours.

The resultant consequence of the victory can not yet be fully estimated. The British navy was not only destroyed, but Gen. Proctor's English army was forced to retire to Malden, Canada, thence, a little later, to further retreat, with his Shawnee Sac and Fox, and other Indian allies under Tecumseh, the greatest of Indian chiefs, and Black Hawk, later the great Sac and Fox chief upon the Thames, where October 5, 1813, Gen. Harrison, with his irregular forces, mainly pioneer volunteers, including Kentucky riflemen, with whom was Richard Johnson, later Vice President of the United States, overtook, fell upon, and defeated them disastrously, killing Tecumseh and totally putting an end to the war on our northwest frontier, and hastened its successful issue. The Indians were thereby divorced from all English allegiance, and Tecumseh's long cherished Indian confederacy was broken up forever. The treaty of Ghent—December 24, 1814—followed as a consequence, and all the territory over which our flag flew at its date was confirmed to the United States. Who knows but what with a different result in this naval battle, the southern boundary line of Canada might now be on or near the Ohio River, and the upper Mississippi country and the great Northwest might now be in the British possessions.

Jackson's victory—January 8, 1815—had its good confirmatory results, but it postdated the treaty of Ghent.

The original plan of the commission was to combine with the memorial and as a part of the monument to be erected a lighthouse, a wireless telegraph, meteorological, and life-saving stations, also an aquarium and a military museum, but the committee did not fully and heartily approve of this plan, for various reasons, and hence the bill has by it been amended, but no change was made as to the amount to be appropriated. The money sought to be here appropriated is not in aid of an exposition, but by a suitable and permanent structure to commemorate permanently a great controlling event in the early history of our Republic.

It is the hope, wish, and prayer of the Perry's Victory Centennial Commission that all the Members of this Congress shall live to be present at this—1913—centennial, on the vine-clad Island of Put in Bay, where the beautiful breezes of Lake Erie will strengthen them, and the patriotic sons and daughters of the participating States will hospitably meet and welcome them, each and all, with outspread arms and in joyous acclaim.

The Stars and Stripes, representing 48 States, will there be unfurled, and patriotism will be abroad in the air, and love of country will there be loudly proclaimed.

NEARLY 700,000 WORDS

Attorney's Argument For Heinze Lasts Over Fifty-Two Hours

Boston, March 10.—Walter I. Badger, attorney for F. A. Heinze, the copper magnate, ended his argument yesterday afternoon in the case of Heinze against A. D. F. Adams and several money lenders and brokers, in which he is trying to recover $300,000 in securities.

Heinze obtained a loan of $300,000 from Adams and gave him as security $600,000 worth of stocks, which he says Adams disposed of to several money lenders and brokers.

Badger's argument lasted 52½ hours and is the longest on record in New England. He spoke in that time nearly 700,000 words.

Nineteen Killed by Avalanche

Tiflis, March 10.—An avalanche swept down upon and crushed a tenement building near here while the occupants were still asleep. Nineteen persons were killed outright and sixteen others received fatal injuries.

New Ocean Line to Providence

Providence, March 9.—A trans-Atlantic line has secured a terminal here and will berth its first ship about June 17. It is planned to inaugurate a direct service between this port and southern Europe.

Veteran Town Clerk Dead

Bolton, Mass., March 10.—Amory S. Haynes, for twenty-five years town clerk, died at his home here at the age of 70. He had been unanimously re-elected at Monday's town meeting.

Record Price For Turpentine

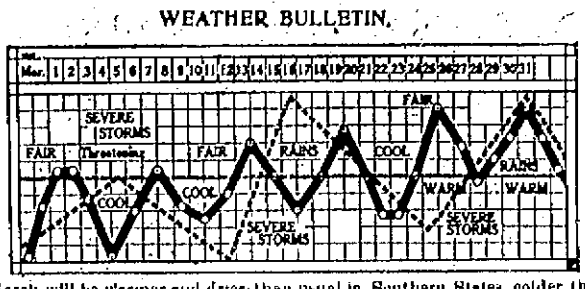
Savannah, Ga., March 10.—For the first time in the history of the industry, turpentine is quoted here at 90 cents a gallon. It is predicted locally that $1 turpentine is not far distant.

One Cause of Wife Desertion

Lynn, Mass., March 8.—The high cost of living is the cause for an increase of wife desertion in this city, according to the report of the overseers of the poor.

Rosin and tallow in equal parts make an excellent covering for wounds in fruit trees.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



March will be warmer and drier than usual in Southern States, colder than usual and very wet in Northern States, colder than usual in Canada. Wet in Canada east of Meridian 90 and west of Rockies; dry in middle west Canada. Severe weather March 3 to 5, 13 to 18, 27 to 29 Periods of Sunspots, Seismic disturbances, sudden storms near March 8 and 27.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rain fall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C. March 9, 1911.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 11 to 15, warm wave 10 to 14, cool wave 13 to 17. This disturbance will inaugurate a period of severe storms and will break the winter weather causing a great change to spring-like growing crop-weather. In the great rainfall belt of March, extending from Provinces of Quebec to Kansas and Nebraska, heavy rains will be the rule while outside of that extensive rain district dry weather will prevail.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 16, cross Pacific slope by close of 17, great central valleys 18 to 20, eastern sections 21. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 16, great central valleys 18, eastern sections 20. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 19, great central valleys 21, eastern sections 23.

This will also be a severe disturbance and will continue the rains in the great rain belt described above. The storms will become particularly severe near March 20. The cool wave to cross meridian 90 about March 21 will carry frosts well to southward, and following the ten days of moderate temperatures will probably injure the tender vegetable growths as far south as parallel 28. But this cool spell will soon pass and the balance of the month will be unusually warm and generally favorable to growing crops.

My forecasts for February proved good. I expect the March forecasts to be equally good; all indications point that way. April will be the important winter wheat month and therefore my bulletin of March 25 will be of unusual importance. Many correspondents are sending me information about crop and soil conditions and I hope to make this information valuable to my readers. In March 25 bulletin I will give the information of growing winter wheat. Up to this time my information is that wheat has been damaged by winter weather. April will develop the results of that damage and probabilities are that some yellow wheat fields will develop in April.

The blighting curse of the market manipulators still overshadows. False reports, put out by interested parties, are immensely misleading. It has been charged that perverting influences reach some of the government local reporters and thus prevent the government reports from being reliable.

Energy is the subject for investigation. These bulletins occasionally discuss its source, believing that the attraction of gravitation, as found in the atom, is the source of all energy. We may never know, scientifically, what lies back of and supports the gravitation of the atom or electron. But I trace this gravitation to the well known physical force called electro magnetism which operates through the earth and planets and connects with our weather changes. I trace this force through the planets to the sunspots and there Prof. J. S. Richard of the Pacific slope takes up the subject and connects the sunspots with our weather changes.

Dr. Atkinson, of San Francisco, the noted scientist, who discovered that electricity causes circulation of the blood, is also working out important problems related to this wonderful energy of the universe. He has tasked himself with solving the various problems wherein these forces operate the functions of animal structures and thereby to solve some of the secrets of human life. Knowing these he hopes to find remedies for human ills.

Vulgarity.

"Why do you say he is vulgar?"

"Because he has at least ten times as much money as I have."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Much is done in the name of friendship; so are many.—Exchange.

Weekly Almanac.

MARCH 1911 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
4 Sat	6 4	5 45	1 41	4 40	4 22
5 Sun	6 3	5 46	3 17	5 34	5 11
6 Mon	6 1	5 47	5 43	6 21	6 01
7 Tues	5 60	5 48	Rises	7 10	6 45
8 Wed	5 58	5 50	8 41	7 53	7 27
9 Thur	5 56	5 51	7 46	8 33	8 05
10 Frid	5 54	5 52	8 52	9 17	8 49

New Moon, 30th day, 7h. 38m., morning
First Quarter 7th day, 6h. 2m evening
Full Moon 14d day, 6h. 53 m., evening
Last Quarter, 22th day, 7h., 26m., evening

Deaths.

In this city, 4th inst., McArtney Stewart, in his 30th year.

In this city, 5th inst., at his residence, corner Ward avenue and Annandale road, John J. Harrington, aged 65 years.

In this city, 8th inst., Michael F. Sullivan, of 42 Friendship street.

In this city, 8th inst., Peleg D. White, in his 64th year.

In this city, 9th inst., James Powell Barker, aged 67 years.

In Portsmouth, 7th inst., at "Black Point" Knut George Wennst, aged 23 years.

In Stamford, Conn., 8th inst., William Cole, youngest son of Sophie H. and the late William O. Cozzens, in his 33d year.

In Slatersville, 6th inst., Frances Lawton, widow of Rev. James H. Nutting, in her 67th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country places.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To the Heirs-at-law of Adel Larouche, and to all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power-of-sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by said Adel Larouche to Godfrey Cornell, dated May 15th, 1899, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I., Deeds Book 43, pages 49-51, and duly assigned by said Godfrey Cornell to William R. Rose, by assignment dated April 25th, 1900, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I., Land Records, book 43, pages 411-412; and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold by public auction on the premises on

Monday, March 20th, 1911, at 11 o'clock A. M.,

the premises described in said mortgage deed as follows:

One certain tract or parcel of land, together with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in Tiverton, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, containing six thousand seven hundred thirty-two and 453-1000 square feet of land and is bounded Northerly by Walnut street, one hundred twelve and 22-100 feet to a corner; Easterly by land now or formerly of John F. Chase, sixty feet; Southerly by land now or formerly of William Higgins, one hundred twelve and 22-100 feet; and Westerly by the Main road leading from Fall River to Stone Bridge, sixty feet, being the same premises conveyed to me by mortgagee's deed to be recorded herewith.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever.

Terms made known at time of sale.

WILLIAM R. ROSE,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage
2-25-4w

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., February 22, A. D., 1911.

Estate of Mary Nevins Bull.

JAMES G. BLAINE III, has this day filed in this office, his petition in writing to the Court of Probate of said Middletown, praying that two certain instruments in writing, therewith filed, the one dated May 25, 1910, purporting to be the last will and testament of

MARY NEVINS BULL,

late of said Middletown, deceased, and the other dated September 29, 1910, purporting to be a codicil to and part of said last will and testament, may be proved and allowed, and letters testamentary issued to him as the sole Executor of said will.

And said petitioner has applied to me, to give due notice of the filing and pendency of his said petition according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in any wise interested in said petition, that the same will be considered and acted upon, at the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of March next, A. D. 1911, at one o'clock, p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.
2-25-3w

Court of Probate, Middletown, February 20, 1911.

Estate of Sarah D. Chase.

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator of the estate of

SARAH D. CHASE,

Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account therewith, and thereon prays, that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of March next, A. D. 1911, at one o'clock, p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.
2-25-3w

RHODE ISLAND.

STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture
Engineering
Applied Science
Home Economics
} B. S. Degree

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

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Mechanic Arts
Domestic Economy
} Certificate

Free Tuition, Excellent Equipment.
Board $3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, $4 cents per week.
Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.
Address
STATE COLLEGE,
Kingston, R. I.
7-23-1f

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T. Mumford Seabury

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Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.
6-2-1f

Passenger—Any danger on this trip, cap?

Captain—Well, there's a pirate balloon above us and a submarine under us and we're carrying twenty tons of dynamite. Outside of that there's no cause for nervousness.

FOUND IT EASY TO STEAL CASH

Bank Clerk Knew Too Much About Bookkeeping

MAKES A FRANK CONFESSION

Salary of Nine Dollars a Week Insufficient to Enable Him to Shine In Society, So He Helped Himself to Funds and Juggled Figures to Cover Up His Transactions—Neither Drank Nor Gambled

Pittsfield, Mass., March 10.—Trying "to keep his end up" and shine in good society was the cause of Arthur E. Feeley stealing $1500 to $2000 from the Third National bank, where he was up to recently employed as a clerk at $9 a week, the young man said in a frank confession to the authorities.

"I knew too much about bookkeeping," said Feeley. "I knew thoroughly the affairs of the bank and had a chance to take whatever I wanted. I worked at various times on all the books and had access to the cash. It was easy to juggle the figures on the profit and loss and other accounts of the general ledger and to take $100 whenever I needed it.

"When I got shy of cash I would juggle the figures, cover up my tracks completely and take the money. That was all there was to it. Some of my transactions were so completely covered up that it would take the bank a long time to discover them if I had not decided to help them out.

"After I was discharged from the bank I realized that I would be discovered, and simply had to make a confession. You don't know what a relief it was.

"It was hell while it lasted. I simply desired to live beyond my means, that was all there was to it. I have never played poker or the stock market and have never drunk intoxicating liquor. I had a good time going to the theatre, driving, and in these and other ways I liked to spend money."

Feeley was arraigned before United States Commissioner Wood. Bail was fixed at $2500 and the date for the hearing was set March 15.

The bank has been given by relatives and friends of Feeley a sum sufficient to cover the estimated amount of the shortage. The exact amount of the discrepancy has not yet been determined, but it is thought not to be greatly in excess of $2000. In the complaint against Feeley, Bank Examiner Smith places the amount at $2000.

Feeley, who is 26 years old, entered the employ of the bank six years ago, after having pursued a two year course of study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

LOOPHOLE IN THE LAW

Seventeen Hindus Must Be Admitted to the United States

Washington, March 9.—Seventeen Hindus, now detained by the immigration authorities at Seattle, must be admitted to the United States because of a loophole in the law, although the department of commerce and labor is morally convinced they should be kept out.

The Hindus originally immigrated to the Philippines, where the war department controls immigration and the department of commerce and labor has no authority. Later they came to Seattle.

Secretary Nagle was directed that his department must accept the inspection of the war department, though he proposes to recommend legislation which will give him authority to deal with such cases in the future.

IN PRISON AT LAST

Grafter Reuf Begins His Long-Contested Fourteen-Year Term

San Francisco, March 9.—Having exhausted every legal resource in a three-year struggle to escape the penitentiary, Abraham Reuf, former political leader of San Francisco, was taken to San Quentin prison to begin a fourteen-year term for the bribery of supervisors during the regime of Mayor Schmitz.

As a final concession, Reuf was removed from jail to the ferry boat in a taxicab, instead of in the regular van.

Bribe-Taking Cop Discharged

Boston, March 7.—Patrolman Edward J. Ford, who was suspended from duty on a charge of having accepted bribe money from a teamster, failed to appear at a hearing which was held on the charges and was found guilty by the trial board and ordered discharged from the department.

TIED TO PONY'S TAIL

How a Young Papago Indian Was Condemned to Death

Yuma, Ariz., March 10.—With the wrist tied to the tail of a wild horse, the body of a Papago Indian was found yesterday by a detachment of the First United States cavalry on the edge of the Gila river, near Mesa. In order to secure the body it was necessary to shoot the horse.

It is believed that the young Indian had been condemned to die in this manner because of having violated some law of the tribe.

Death of Spanish Aviator

Madrid, March 10.—Arturo Villate, who was injured here on March 3 when an aeroplane dashed into a crowd at an aviation meeting, is dead.

REPUBLICANS ARE SCARCE

Bryan Says They Will Not Be In Evidence In 1912

Boston, March 10.—William J. Bryan, three times the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, was the guest at a luncheon at the Quincy house tendered by Governor Foss. Plates were laid for 115.

Mr. Bryan, speaking at the luncheon, said:

"The Democrats have been blazing away for reforms that have come. Men like me 100 years ago would have been hung, but all they have done with me was to defeat me for office and then follow my principles. In 1912, I am sure, we will elect a Democrat. It is hard work to find Republicans nowadays. They are either all Democrats or progressives."

Following luncheon, Foss took Bryan to the state house, where he was introduced to the senate and house and given a great reception. He spoke briefly to each branch. He spent the afternoon in a visit to Harvard college.

BOOKS TELL THE STORY

Failed Boston Brokers Lost $2,400,457 by Their Own Investments

Boston, March 10.—The failed brokerage firm of Sederquist, Barry & Co. up to Feb. 15, 1909, had lost by its own investments in the stock market $2,400,457.16, it was admitted by a former bookkeeper of the firm. The admission came during the examination of the company's books at the trial of the four members of the firm for conspiracy and thefts before Judge Jenney and a jury.

The admission followed the discovery of an account under the name of W. I. Curtis. This represented the account of Sederquist & Barry's own investments, according to the testimony of E. E. George, the former bookkeeper, on the witness stand.

ADMIRAL FREMONT EXPIRES SUDDENLY

Stricken With Apoplexy at Charlestown Navy Yard

Boston, March 8.—Rear Admiral John C. Fremont, commandant at the Charlestown navy yard, the son of General John C. Fremont, popularly referred to as the "Pathfinder," died suddenly last night in his home at the navy yard, stricken with apoplexy.

The admiral, although about the yard all day, felt ill toward dark and was unable to attend a dinner to which he and Mrs. Fremont had been invited. Mrs. Fremont went alone, leaving the admiral with her daughters, who were with him when he was stricken.

Admiral Fremont was born in California sixty-two years ago. Twenty-five years ago he married Miss Anderson of Tennessee. Three children were born to them, Lieutenant John C. Fremont, U. S. N., and two daughters.

DOUBLE ELECTROCUTION

Slayers of Lynn Manufacturer and Policeman Pay Death Penalty

Boston, March 7.—For the murder of Thomas A. Landregan, a wealthy shoe manufacturer of Lynn, and Patrolman James H. Carroll of the Lynn police force, in a bold daylight robbery on a busy street, Andrei Ipsen, 19, and Wassili Ivanowski, 22, were electrocuted at the Charlestown state prison early today.

Ipsen was the first to enter the death chamber and at 12:12:33 the current was applied. He was declared dead at 12 19:13. Ivanowski followed, five minutes later, the current being turned on at 12 23:45, and he being pronounced dead at 12:30:36.

NOT FOR UNCLE JOE

Ex-Speaker Turns Down Offer of $500 a Night on Lecture Platform

Washington, March 8.—"Five hundred dollars a night for 100 nights," was an offer telegraphed from a western lyceum bureau to Representative Cannon of Illinois, the retiring speaker of the house.

"Too busy," was in substance the reply telegraphed back by Cannon. The offer prescribed that Cannon could name his own speaking dates on the circuit.

Oldest Landscape Gardener Dead

Rochester, N. Y., March 9.—William Webster, said to be the oldest landscape gardener and horticulturalist in this country, died here, aged 94 years.

Crystal Palace to Be Sold

London, March 10.—Judge Eddy has issued an order for the sale of the Crystal palace, where the famous exhibition of 1851 was held.

Kaiser's Son Has Appendicitis

Berlin, March 9.—Prince Adalbert, third son of Emperor William, is ill with appendicitis, but the attack is said to be very light.

BAGARIA TAKES POISON

Anarchist In Plot to Kill King of Spain Dies In His Cell

Madrid, March 9.—Ventura Bagaria, the anarchist who plotted the life of King Alfonso at Alcazar de San Juan, was found dead in his cell, his second attempt at suicide having been successful. He swallowed poison, which was secreted in the lining of his coat.

A previous attempt at suicide was unsuccessful. The police have learned that he is an anarchist known to the police of half a dozen countries.

20,000 TROOPS OFF FOR TEXAS

Equipped With 200 Rounds of Ball Catridges

MANEUVER TALE DISCOUNTED

President and Cabinet In No Hurry to Take Country Into Their Confidence—Opinion That Hand Was Forced by Foreign Powers—United States Could Not Refuse to Act Without Sacrificing Monroe Doctrine

Washington, March 9.—Fear of the death of Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico, through illness or assassination, apparently is at the bottom of the hasty war preparations which the United States is making in reference to the Mexican border.

Possibility of intervention in Mexico has been one of the nightmares of the Taft administration, for this government and all the world knows that with the strong hand of Diaz powerless a condition of anarchy would instantly develop in the Mexican republic which would continue until some other dominating military man, like General Reyes, would succeed in winning the army and restoring order.

Whatever the actual facts in relation to Diaz, the military and naval demonstration by the United States means also that he must restore order in Mexico or the United States government will be held responsible by foreign nations for the protection of property and subjects in that country.

Much mystery still exists regarding the developments which led up to the order, issued by President Taft as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, that this demonstration be made. Even the officers of the army who have charge of the movement of troops toward the Mexican border and the officers of the navy who are immediately responsible for fifteen of the best fighting vessels of the navy turning their prows toward the coast line of Mexico are in ignorance as to just what it all means. They do not know that they are going prepared to fight, if fighting is necessary.

More troops of the United States army were yesterday put under orders for mobilization on the Mexican frontier. More than 20,000 men are now on the way to the front or preparing to move. From all over the country troops are being rushed to the southwest. Aeroplanes are to be used for the first time under actual war conditions.

The president and his cabinet are not in a hurry to take the country into their confidence. Of course there is a reason for this. In due time the whole story must come out. Then the public will know why it was that an official statement was given out to the effect that this remarkable military and naval movement meant joint maneuvers and nothing else.

The generally accepted story here is that the demonstration was decided upon after certain European countries, possibly Germany and England, had made it plain to the United States that unless this country restored order within the borders of Mexico a foreign power or foreign powers in co-operation would undertake the task. An ultimatum of this character from a foreign power would compel the United States to do just what it is doing.

The president could not refuse to act without sacrificing the Monroe Doctrine, for which this country has always been ready to fight. It may turn out that entirely different reasons are responsible for the demonstration, but one thing is certain. The movement of troops and of fighting ships of the navy means a good deal more than practice maneuvers.

The maneuver story could not possibly stand. The administration officials must have known this when they put it out. In the first place, maneuvers do not take place except as they are ordered by congress, or as congress provides the money for them. Again, maneuvers are planned months in advance.

No plan whatever has been made for the movement of troops and of vessels of the navy now going on. Furthermore, the troops are equipped with 200 rounds of ball cartridges, whereas it is the invariable practice to supply only blank for peace maneuvers. A week ago such a move was not contemplated. It was all brought about as the result of a sudden international development the exact character of which cannot be known until someone in authority is willing to speak.

It develops today that practically the entire available fighting force of the army now in the United States proper has been ordered to move toward the Mexican border. Even the defences along the Atlantic coast are left with only a few men in charge. This means that protection has been withdrawn from New York, Boston, Washington, and all the other coast cities.

For the first time in the military history of the country the coast artillerymen have been ordered to serve as infantrymen. This leads some of the military specialists to reach the decision that an invasion is contemplated, or looked upon as an eventuality of the movement.

Haverhill Granite Cutters Win

Haverhill, Mass., March 6.—The granite cutters of this city were granted the increase of 23 cents a day demanded, with Saturday half holiday.

Blizzard Sweeps Newfoundland

St. Johns, March 6.—Newfoundland is in the grip of the worst blizzard that has been known on the island for thirty years.

HEAD OF THE TROOPS

Major General Carter and Scene of the Operations

SWINDLED OUT OF $52,000

American Falls Into the Hands of Card Sharpers In Paris

Paris, March 10.—Three men claiming to be Italian noblemen were arrested here, charged with fleecing Leivin Hart, a young American, out of $52,000 in card games.

Hart says they took him to various gambling places and systematically swindled him with marked cards.

ALLEGED SLAYER OF MOTHER AND SISTER

Vermont Youth Is Suspected of Committing Double Crime

Maidstone, Vt., March 10.—Mrs. Kate Bean, 66, and her 17-year-old daughter, Nina, were killed yesterday afternoon, their heads being almost blown off by heavy calibre bullets fired at close range.

Arthur Bean, the 19-year-old son of Mrs. Bean, who ran to the railroad, a heavy calibre rifle in his hand, to tell some section hands that his mother and sister had been killed, has been placed in custody, locked up in a room in the same house in which are the dead bodies of his mother and sister.

In the house at the time of the murders was John Sweet, Mrs. Bean's father, a man said to be 103 years old, deaf and infirm. So upset was he by the tragedy that it was impossible to get him to talk coherently.

BAN ON HAREM SKIRT

Limit to Hobbles Also Proposed In Bill Before Illinois Legislature

Springfield, Ills., March 10.—Harem and hobble skirts were the subject of a bill presented in the house by Representative Murphy of Chicago.

"Hobbles" measuring less than one and one-half yards and not not more than three yards at the bottom are prohibited. An absolute ban is placed on the "harem skirt" by the bill, which prohibits any woman appearing in public in the garb.

The penalty for violation of the proposed law is a fine of not less than $10 nor more than $50 for each and every offense.

GIVE UP THE FIGHT

Railroads Yield to Commerce Commission Concerning Freight Rates

New York, March 8.—There will be no appeal from the decision of the interstate commerce commission denying the railroads the right to increase their rates.

The eastern railroads yielded and at a meeting here decided to cancel the proposed advance on or before the 15th of March. The western railroads had already submitted.

Miss Turnbull Loses Big Suit

Los Angeles, Cal., March 9.—Beatrice A. Baldwin-Turnbull, the 17-year-old Brookline, Mass., girl, failed to prove to the satisfaction of Judge Rives that she was a legal daughter of E. J. ("Lucky") Baldwin or to establish her right to inherit one-sixth of his $11,000,000 estate, and the court ordered a verdict for the defense.

Spurns Offer of $75,000

Springfield, O., March 10.—Tearing a certified check for $75,000 to pieces and throwing the bits into his face, Pauline Munyon, the young wife of Dr. J. M. Munyon of Philadelphia, spurned his request to return to her home and quit the stage.

COOK IS HEARD FROM

Doctor Protests Against Peary Being Made a Rear Admiral

Chicago, March 7.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Arctic explorer, gave out the text of a telegram which he said he had sent to President Taft protesting against the Peary bill being signed by the president.

The telegram accuses the discoverer of the North Pole of gross immorality, exploitation of the public and other irregularities, personal and commercial.

Industrial Trust Company,

Our Capital of $3,000,000, Surplus of $3,000,000, and total Resources in excess of $50,000,000 make this company one of the largest and strongest financial institutions in the country, and insure to every depositor, large or small, absolute security combined with the highest quality of banking service.

NEWPORT BRANCH,

303 Thames Street.

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Spring Millinery

NOW OPEN.

ALL THE NEW SHAPES IN

Straw, Chip and Fancy Braids.

READY TO WEAR HATS FOR EARLY SPRING.

New Novelties for Spring Wear Now Shown Up,

A Great Selection at Popular Prices, at

SCHREIER'S.

STOP IN AT THE

POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY

and get some of those

LENOX CHOCOLATES

You will be pleased and so will we.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172—176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

USE

Diamond Hill BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

5-2-tf

The first duty toward children is to make them happy. If you have not made them happy you have wronged them. No other good they may get can make up for that.—Charles Buxton.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician,

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, let me have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Doctor's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel

W. G. PECKHAM,

10-17 Westfield, N. J.

GRAFT IN PERSIA.

Officials Pay For the Privilege of Fleecing the Public.

A LAND WITHOUT LAWYERS.

And Yet That Extraordinary Exemption Does Not Help the Unfortunate Who Gets Into Trouble—Coaxing the Accused to Confess.

It would be difficult for a Persian who has not traveled to understand American excitement over what the newspapers here call "graft." My motherland, Persia, is not yet quite awake to the possibility of a man's serving the public for a certain fixed salary and taking nothing more. In Persia they take it for granted that every officeholder will "gouge" people whenever he gets a chance.

There are no lawyers in Persia, so there are no jokes about lawyers' appetite for gold and silver. If you have ever had a costly lawsuit on your hands you may think that makes matters simpler, but getting into trouble means being squeezed for money, wrung for money, as if you were a piece of wet cloth in a washerwoman's strong grip.

This is how it is managed: First, you see, the governor of a city or of a province never has a definite salary from the state—not at all. On the contrary, he pays the state treasury several thousand dollars more or less for the privilege of being governor and of making what he can out of the enterprise. He is not an elected officer; he is more like a "concessionaire" at one of your big expositions, who offers a large sum for a chance to run a restaurant or to provide ice cream soda or candy.

The governor (or mayor) of a large Persian town may have perhaps 100 to 150 employees under him. Of these only a few house servants (cook, coachman and the like) have fixed wages. The incomes of the others depend upon the amount of money which they can help turn into the great man's hands in the form of fines and taxes. You can guess whether the neighbors are fond of them!

Suppose now you live in Persia. You have leased a piece of ground or you have sold some goods and the other man does not pay. You dun him. Then you threaten him. Then you go to the governor and make a complaint. An officer arrests your debtor and takes him before the governor's secretary for examination. Possibly he can convince that important personage that it is not a just debt. If he cannot do that he would better put all his wits to work to convince the secretary that poverty makes it quite impossible to pay up.

This is where many of the 150 under employees get their chance. A large part of their occupation is hunting up facts about everybody's property, everybody's business, everybody's income. They know an amazing number of things which your debtor supposed were safely secret. They produce information whenever information is wanted.

Your man's pretense that business is bad and that he is all but bankrupt is brushed aside, and he is made to produce an amount of money considerably larger than the original debt. "Made" to produce it? Yes. There are shocking things that can be done to him if he hesitates too long, and he knows it. So, like a child aware that there is an ugly stick waiting in the corner, he usually does not hesitate too long. He saves his skin and hands over the money. You get maybe 80 to 90 per cent to satisfy your claim—that is, the officer of justice practically collects from you something for his own services. The rest goes to the governor and such of the employees as may be considered in the case.

Perhaps you have a shop in the town bazaar or market place and some poor good-for-nothing steals a chicken that was hanging on the wall. If a woman was the thief she is most likely fined—possibly whipped if she has no money to pay a fine. If the culprit is a man they pinch a hole through the cartilage of the lower end of his nose, put a cord through the hole and lead him in this painful disgrace all around the bazaar. The officer collects as he goes along a few cents from this shopkeeper and a few cents from that one as an acknowledgment of the officer's service in publicly exposing a thief.

Naturally it often happens that some outrageous robbery occurs or somebody is brutally murdered, and the guilty one is unknown. Then the governor's detective agents set to work. Anybody may be arrested on suspicion and examined either as the probable offender or as a witness. If the suspect has plenty of money he can always prove his innocence or his ignorance by paying cash to the examining officers, though, since there is no regulated tariff in such matters, the proceeding may be quite expensive.

If the suspect is too poor to make things right with the examiners or too stubborn to tell what he knows—and sometimes, I am afraid, if he really does not know anything to tell—they have some "third degree" methods warranted to make a man say something. One such method is what they call the "bastinado." It is whipping the soles of the bare feet with slender rods. Often live coals from a pipe are put on the shaven head of a prisoner to make him confess. Sometimes—But no. Probably you would not care to hear any more along this particular line. Persian inventions in this department of criminology are clever in their way, but not things to describe in full detail.—Leon Medem in New York World.

An Insulting Addition.

An irate citizen started for the office of his local newspaper for the purpose of clubbing the editor. One of his friends asked him what the editor had done to him, and he said:

"I sent him a letter signed 'Honestas' and he printed it, but added another 's.'"—Minneapolis Journal.

SHAVING IS NOT FATAL.

Barbers Nowadays Do Not Use Hammers and Cold Chisels.

In reply to a correspondent who says he yearns to have his flowing beard removed and yet lacks the Spartan firmness of the early martyrs to face the ordeal and makes a pathetic appeal for advice the alfalfa editor of the Emporia Gazette unfeelingly remarks:

"The alfalfa editor can offer no advice or encouragement to such a trembling soul. It seems probable that he has worn his whiskers for many years. It is likely that he hasn't purchased a shave for a quarter of a century and therefore is ignorant of the improvements in the art tonsorial which have been achieved in recent years. It is no longer like going through a slaughter house to an open grave to be shaved by an expert barber. In fact, that operation has been so shorn of its terrors that many eminent citizens consider it a pleasure to visit the barber. It is no longer necessary to strap a patient down in the chair before shaving him; neither is it necessary to administer anaesthetics to his whiskers.

"The man whose only reason for wearing whiskers is the fact that he fears the barber shop will gain little sympathy. If he tries to explain that he cannot shave himself without suffering the agonies of the all fired he will gain less. Such excuses might have had some force long ago, when barbers used hammers and cold chisels, but science has made giant strides in recent years, and the country is full of painless barbers, and a clean shave costs no anguish or inconvenience."

MICROSCOPIC MESSAGES.

How a Single Pigeon Might Carry a Whole Library.

For more than 2,000 years carrier pigeons have been used to carry messages when no other means sufficed, and during the siege of Paris, when 363 birds were sent out from the doomed city, one of the birds performed the almost incredible feat of carrying to the outside world on one trip no less than 40,000 messages averaging twenty words each. This was 800,000 words, or the equivalent of five or six average novels.

This marvel was accomplished by means of microscopic photography, the messages being first printed with ordinary type and then photographed and rephotographed until they had been reduced several hundred diameters. The final photographs were taken on films or pellicles of collodion, each of which, about two inches square, contained 50,000 words. A dozen of these films, rolled up in a quill, weighed but one twenty-eighth of an ounce. The messages could, of course, be read with a microscope without the necessity of rephotographing and enlarging.

Under favorable conditions and for comparatively short distances pigeons have carried as much as three-quarters of an ounce. Using the photo reduction method, it would therefore be possible for a single bird to carry messages equal in words to no fewer than 120 ordinary volumes.—Harper's Weekly.

Whistler's White Lock.

As long as the name of James McNeill Whistler lives among those who saw him it will recall the famous white lock which stood out so conspicuously from the mass of his black hair. It was, as he used to say himself, "well placed" and was always treated from the harmonous point of view to develop its greatest effect in his appearance. One day when Dorothy Menpes, daughter of the well known English artist Mortimer Menpes, was a baby and was asleep on her pillow Whistler went to see her. A white feather had by chance settled on her head and lay in a spot exactly corresponding with the white lock on his own head. "That child is going to develop into something great," he exclaimed, "for, see, she begins with a feather, just like me!"

Gypsy Queens.

On occasions America treats its gypsy monarchs with full regal pomp. Matilda Stanley was accorded an almost royal funeral in 1878 at Dayton, O., where, ten years later, another queen was crowned with all proper ceremonial. In England, too, gypsy queens have received all due honor. Esther Fea Blythe, who died in 1883, had many members of the aristocracy on her visiting list, and she, too, had a regular coronation. But, on the whole, the gypsy has not had a very good time in England. An act of 1692, for example, made it a felony without benefit of clergy to be merely seen for a month in the society of gypsies, while for actually being a gypsy no punishment was too severe.—London Standard.

A Premium on Marriage.

In Belgium they place a premium on marriage by allowing a married man two votes at an election as against the single man's one. In Madagascar one must be a father or pay for the default. If a man is unmarried or childless at the age of twenty-five he must contribute annually $3.75 to the support of the state, and each woman who has remained single or is childless at twenty-four is taxed $1.80 per year.

A "Friendly Match."

I speak of a "friendly match," not at all forgetting that dictum of the old Scot to whom his opponent, breaking some trivial rule, said, "I suppose you won't claim that in a friendly match?" "Friendly match!" was the reply. "There's no such thing at golf!"—London Telegraph.

It Worked.

There are a great many ways devised for avoiding jury duty.

The story is told of a man who was noted in the county because of the badness of his son. Finding that there was no way of escape from serving, he had an obliging friend telegraph him at the courthouse.

The telegram read, "Your son is no better." The judge was so amused at the ingenuity that he let the man off.—Judge.

THEY SCRUB EACH OTHER.

Daily Bath of the Pupils in Copenhagen's Public Schools.

Denmark is one of the cleanest little countries imaginable. In a Copenhagen public school one may see an interesting sight. Mounting the spotless stone staircase to the first flight, every morning you may see at 8 o'clock the children assemble and answer to their names and then march to a dressing room. Here they undress, and each child neatly folds its clothes and puts the tidy little bundle on the floor. Then the children go into a small square room with shelves all around, and on these shelves are innumerable wooden tubs, such as we use in America for washing, with two iron bands around them. Everything is in immaculate order. The teacher gives each child a tub, and he or she takes it into an immense and well lighted wash room.

Of course the girls and boys are washed separately, and they perform their ablutions by grades, the tiniest ones coming first. The floor of this wash room is of cement, and in the center is a latticed wooden floor. All around the top of the walls runs a nickel shower pipe, the water of which is regulated by the teacher. Under these showers at the height where the small fingers can reach are little nickel stands with soap and the stiffest hog bristle brushes, which make one shiver. Near by is also a faucet.

Each child puts his or her tub under the faucet and lets the necessary amount of water into it and proceeds to scrub, not himself or herself, but the child in front—a novel sight and a pretty one for a lover of children. But one could not help thinking what an instrument of torture that innocent brush could be if the small fingers that manipulated it did their duty viciously, paying off some grudge or fancied slight.

When all are clean the teacher turns on the showers, and they are all thoroughly rinsed with first hot and then cold water. Each child is obliged to empty its own tub. Then the clean, rosy little bodies dry themselves with rough towels, standing on the wooden latticed floor. Each tub has to be carefully put away, the children dress themselves, and they file in for prayers, and the business of recitation begins.—Youth's Companion.

Willing to Divide.

An American newspaper correspondent who followed the government army in a revolution in a Latin American country tells a story about an experience that he had with the general commanding the division. The correspondent observed that in every town that the troops invaded they would help themselves to everything that was not nailed, screwed or anchored down. This did not appeal to the American's ideas of the rules of war, and he reported the misdoings of the soldiers to the commander.

"That is selfish," said the latter indignantly. "I will see to it that when we reach the next town you will have the first chance."

The correspondent confined himself thereafter to the writing of "copy."—New York Tribune.

Complied With the Conditions.

The monotony of the London postal official's daily routine is frequently broken by the peculiar whims and caprices of eccentric members of the public with whom he is from time to time brought in contact.

A lady once sent to her son a pair of trousers by book post, which is cheaper than parcel post. The postal officials wrote to her: "Clothes cannot be sent by book post. If you will refer to the Postoffice Guide you will see under what conditions articles may be sent by book post." After a few days the lady replied, "I have looked in the Postoffice Guide and find that articles which are open at both ends may be sent by book post, and if trousers are not open at both ends I should like to know what is."—London Answers.

Fear of the Tree.

The first experiments at tree planting in London were sternly discouraged. A. D. Webster tells us in Town Planting that when Londoon built his house in Porchester terrace, Bayswater—this was in the thirties—he planted a sumac by the side of the path opposite. The action was met by prompt and triumphant opposition on the part of the district surveyor, whose complaint was that it was "likely to shade the pathway and keep it damp." In the end the tree had to go.

Proper Chills.

"I've had cold chills running over me all day," the thin man complained.

"You ought to be glad of that," said his heartless friend.

"I don't think I understand you. Why should I be glad?"

"Oh, well, you know, it is quite an ordinary thing to have cold chills. There's no cause for alarm. Just think what an extraordinary thing it would be if you should have hot chills running over you."—New York Press.

Not a Success.

Sawyer—Twistler has invented a combination broom that can be used for a cane, a trapeze, a rolling pin, a billiard cue, a lawn mower handle and a wooden leg. Gearing—He ought to make money with a broom like that. Sawyer—He could if he only knew how to adjust the blamed thing so it would sweep.—Chicago News.

As It Impressed Him.

"How about the Nile? Great, eh?"

"Yes. As I remember it took up several pages in the guidebook."—Washington Herald.

The highest liberty is in harmony with the highest law.—Giles.

The Easiest.

Friend (sarcastically)—Which one of your many bad habits do you think you could manage to give up? Easy One (nettled)—That of lending my friends money.—Baltimore American.

Weaknesses.

There are two kinds of weakness—that which breaks and that which bends.—Lowell.

AN UNKNOWN RACE.

Traditions of the Hohokam, Who Were the First Americans.

In the beginning the Hohokam dwelt in the land. They were the first Americans—before the pilgrim fathers, before the Spaniards, before the Indians. They were the unknown people who lived in the United States so long ago that their name is utterly lost. In the southwest old tribes of Indians like the Zunis and Navajos know nothing of them save by vaguest tradition. The Pimas and Papagos of southern Arizona, who occupy part of the land that once was theirs, know that another race possessed the country long ago. More they cannot tell. They and their fathers for hundreds of years have seen what we see—the scanty remnants of ancient villages. For the inhabitants of the villages they have no name except the Hohokam—that is, the "unknown."

The modern archaeologist describes the implements and pottery of the Hohokam. He cannot do much more, for their houses are laid low. Except in a few places, such as the ruins of Casa Grande, near the Gila river, the very walls have vanished. Casa Grande itself may be the work of a people later than the main body of the Hohokam. We can never know the whole story. Yet little by little we may learn its chief facts. Arizona and the adjacent regions are full of ruins unknown to scientists and even to the people who live within a mile of them. They are so nearly obliterated that there seems at first sight little to repay study.

Archaeology begins the task of reconstructing the past. Geography must finish it. Modern geography enables us to determine the mode of life which must prevail, especially among primitive peoples, under given conditions of physical environment. If we can correctly picture the geographic environment of the Hohokam we may learn much of the history of our earliest fellow countrymen.—Ellsworth Huntington in Harper's Magazine.

BOILERS AND BODIES.

Alike In Many Respects In the Treatment They Require.

The boiler has a certain temperature corresponding with the working pressure it is desirable to use and for which it was constructed.

The body has its normal temperature. Any variation above or below this means too high bodily pressure or a reduced vitality.

The fuel put into a boiler should be that which it is designed to burn. Differently constructed boilers will not economically burn the same fuel.

The body should receive the food it is best able to assimilate. Diverse constitutions require diverse nourishment.

A boiler should be fired with small, equal quantities of fuel at stated intervals; large masses irregularly fed are fatal to satisfactory results.

The body should be fed similarly; overloading the stomach produces imperfect digestion and deranges our physical systems.

Boilers are insulated by brickwork, cellular asbestos, etc., to prevent loss of heat by radiation.

Cellular tissue and fat aid in maintaining our normal temperature.

Some boilers well designed produce good results with a small fuel consumption; others are less economical. The more perfect the boiler the less the consumption of fuel.

Some individuals are so constituted that they exist on small quantities of food; others in the same circumstances consume much more. The more perfect the physical development the less the food required.

The above data, intelligently used, govern good boiler practice.

The above will also secure health and good digestion.—Popular Magazine.

Why the Trunk Was Slow.

"I had a most delightful time last summer," gushed Miss Noling, "but I was dreadfully inconvenienced at Leaflandville waiting for my trunk. I went there by the N. T. C. so as to take advantage of the scenery along the route, but I had to send my trunk on the slow B. C. and E."

"But why, couldn't you have sent your trunk on the N. T. C., too?" murmured Miss Sterling.

"Because," explained Miss Noling, glad to show her superior knowledge, "I learned from a friend of mine that the N. T. C. is not a trunk line."—Brooklyn Life.

A Ready Sealer.

For traveling carry a candle with you, and when about to make a jump, as the theatrical people say, seal your bottles with it. It takes only a minute to light the candle, turn it upside down and let the tallow drip around the cork of a bottle, but it insures perfect carriage of the fluid content.—Good Housekeeping.

Seeing Trouble Ahead.

"My wife is always borrowing trouble."

"What kind is she borrowing now?"

"She is afraid whiskers will be in style when our little boy grows up, so that he will not have a chance to show the cunning dimple in his chin."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Blood.

Willis—Are those Kentucky horses you bought scared of autos? Gillis—No, indeed. They never notice a train, either, but I can't get them used to a sprinkling cart to save my life!—Puck.

Getting the Particulars.

Nellie—Hasn't Mr. Felewalley proposed yet? Nora—No, but he has gone as far as to ask what time we have breakfast and whether mother is a good cook.—Exchange.

A Religious Innovation.

A certain well brought up little girl who lives in the near vicinity of Rittenhouse square yawned at the breakfast table last Sunday morning and ventured a polite proposition to her mother.

"I really don't feel at all like going to church this morning," she remarked. "Can't we just send cards?"—Philadelphia Times.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

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WHISTLER AND MOORE.

Two Versions of the Famous Caning Incident at Drury Lane.

It was in his capacity as editor of the Hawk that the late Augustus Moore, a journalist and playwright of no little notoriety, enacted an unrehearsed comedy with Whistler that created no end of a sensation at the time. It happened in the vestibule of Drury Lane on the first night of the production of "A Million of Money." Whistler, it appeared, had been annoyed at sundry references to himself in the Hawk and, coming up to Gus Moore, who was calmly smoking a rigarette, struck him across the face with a cane. A struggle followed, and, although opinions varied as to the actual course of the conflict, there was no doubt about Whistler having ultimately to pick himself up from the floor.

Each of the protagonists afterward gave his version of the incident. "I started out," said Whistler, "to cane this fellow with as little emotion as I would prepare to kill a rat. I did cane him to the satisfaction of my many friends and his many enemies, and that was the end of it." "I am sorry," wrote Mr. Moore for his part, "but I have had to slap Mr. Whistler. My Irish blood got the better of me, and before I knew it the shriveled up little monkey was knocked over and kicking about on the floor."

The notion, however, that he was knocked down was characterized by Whistler as "a barefaced falsehood." He contended that Mr. Moore never touched him. "I am sure," he added, "I don't know why, for he is a much bigger man than I. My idea is that he was thoroughly cowed by the moral force of my attack. I had to turn him around in order to get at him. Then I cut him again and again as hard as I could, hissing out 'Hawk!' with each stroke. Oh, you can take my word for it, everything was done in the cleanest and most correct fashion possible. I always like to do things cleanly."—New York Tribune.

CARRYING PIG IRON.

The Way Scientific Study Increased Results and Wages.

No work seems more simple, more unlikely to be subject to scientific study, than the art of carrying pig iron. This, however, has been subjected to the most careful scientific study. Men at Bethlehem, Pa., were loading pig iron on cars at the rate of about twelve tons a day. Certain pig handlers were given extra wages for doing this work under special direction. An attempt was made to ascertain the relation between the amount of horsepower which each man exerted and the fatigue which he incurred. Long continued experiment furnished a vast amount of information, but apparently no law. Finally F. W. Taylor, who was conducting the experiments, handed the data over to an associate who was apt at mathematical problems. Very soon he reported that he had discovered the law—that fatigue varied in proportion to a certain relation between the amount of load and the period of rest—for example, a man carrying a ninety-two pound pig had, in order to avoid fatigue, to be at rest 58 per cent of the time. The discovery of this law involved a great amount of data, including certain physiological facts concerning the poisonous effects of waste tissue upon the blood and difficult mathematic formula, including the plotting of curves. As a result the pig handlers were directed exactly how to lift and carry their loads and when to rest, and the amount of pig iron handled by each man every day increased from twelve and a half tons to forty-seven. Of course the men received a great advance in wages.—Ernest Hamlin Abbott in Outlook.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SHAVING IN ITALY.

The Barber Must Have Used a Crosscut Saw on This Victim.

Italy may be the land of the flea, but it is not the home of the shave.

The barbers there are generally recruited from the ranks of the butchers or the medical students. They must be able to stand the sight of blood. In the early days of medicine physicians called in barbers to do their bleeding for them.

In Italy a physician now does his own bleeding—if he visits a barber shop first.

Everything is done in an orderly manner in the Latin kingdom. The man who yearns to open a tonsorial parlor appears before the municipality to request his license. No influence is required. He does not have to have a pull. No, he cultivates that later.

"Are you qualified?" demand the city fathers.

"Signori," responds the applicant reproachfully, "does not my father own a horse, and have I not curried it every Sunday? Besides, I have worked in the stockyards."

"Bene," reply the license givers. "You are indeed suited in every way. Here are your shaving papers. Go forth and scrape acquaintance with the strangers within our gates, but cut only distant acquaintances. To cut your friends is bad form and bad for 'em."

Then, if the happy neophyte has the tin, he opens up a dissecting parlor. The tin is necessary for razor blades.

One Italian traveler was heard to remark: "I now believe that the martyr St. Luke was skinned alive. I know the man who skinned him. He shaved me this morning." Twelve good men and true looked at his face and then gave their verdict. He was a truthful man.

When a customer enters an Italian barber shop he is escorted politely to an operating chair. The back of the chair is stationary, but the headrest lets down to a remarkable degree. The result is that while the applicant's hips and knees are bent to an angle of ninety degrees his neck stretches so that his head makes an acute angle with his back, his chin pointing directly at the ceiling. It requires long practice for stout gentlemen to become comfortable in this position.

Then the operator dips his brush in ice water and brushes it lightly across the soap. He then, with a playful air, dampens his customer's beard as if to say, "This is really unnecessary, but I yield to the prejudices of a stranger." No, he never rubs the soap in—he might produce a lather. Then comes the major operation. Afterward the face is washed with a shaving brush full of cold water, and then the powder is applied; no, not talcum powder—powdered alum.

When the damages have thus been temporarily repaired the victim raises his head—if he is still able—and has a coat of brilliantine applied to his hair. He then totters home and, after his wife has fainted at sight of him, resolves to raise a mustache, sideburns, galways and a full beard. The barber, meanwhile having washed up the gore, seats himself in front of his shop and smiles benignly on the passerby. No, Italy is not the land of the shave, although it may be the home of the flea.—New York Sun.

His Advice Not Wanted.

"My dear," says the doctor to his wife, who is cuddling their new boy, "you should not feed the baby oftener than every three hours, you should not take it up every time it cries, it should sleep practically all the time, it should not be shown to every one who calls, your mother and father should not be permitted to dandle it, you should not chuck it under the chin that way, it should sleep in a room without heat and with the windows wide open, its clothing should be simple—none of those lacy, embroidered things—and—and"—

"Humph!" interrupts his wife. "You go and tell that stuff to people that pay you $5 a visit. I don't want any of your old advice about this baby."—Life.

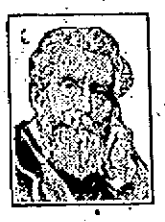
THE HALL OF FAME.

JOHN PAUL JONES—Naval hero of the American Revolution. Born at Kirkbean, Scotland, July 6, 1747; died Paris Sept. 12, 1792. His name was originally John Paul, the "Jones" being added by himself. Came to America in 1773 and in 1775 was in command of the Alfred and did much damage to British shipping. He next commanded the Ranger and captured the British sloop Drake. He was then placed in command of the Bonhomme Richard and in the most famous naval action of the war captured the Serapis.

THE HALL OF FAME.

PETER COOPER—Noted manufacturer and philanthropist. Born New York Feb. 12, 1791; died there April 4, 1883. Son of a hatter and had slight education. Invented a machine for shearing cloth, also an endless chain for propelling canalboats. Built first American locomotive. Established ironworks in Baltimore and New York. Made first rolled iron beams for building purposes and promoted the laying of the Atlantic cable. He was also a merchant on a large scale. In 1870 was Greenback candidate for president. Served in New York council and board of education. Founded Cooper Institute, New York.

THE HALL OF FAME.



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY—American historian and diplomat. Born Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814; died Dorset, England, May 29, 1877. Graduated from Harvard and completed his education in Germany. Tried one or two unsuccessful historical novels and then found his true bent in writing history. His "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and his other volumes on the Netherlands form his great life work and take rank with the chief histories of the world.

THE HALL OF FAME.

MARIA MITCHELL—American astronomer, first woman member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Born Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 1, 1818; died Lynn, Mass., June 28, 1889. Her father was a schoolteacher who was interested in astronomy, and the girl took up the study at an early age. In 1847 she discovered a new comet and was given a gold medal by the king of Denmark.

THE HALL OF FAME.

JOHN MARSHALL—Known as "the great chief justice" of the supreme court of the United States. Born Farquhar county, Va., Sept. 24, 1755; died in Philadelphia July 6, 1835. He served in the Revolutionary war, was a member of the Virginia convention to ratify the constitution in 1788, was a United States envoy to France 1797-8, was a member of congress from Virginia 1799-1800, was secretary of state 1800-1801 and was chief justice from 1801 until his death, in 1835, a period of thirty-four years. Marshall served as the head of the supreme court longer than any man in the history of that high tribunal.

A Mere Trifle.

The young lady had won the philopena. "Well," said the gentleman who had lost, "I've lost; what shall I give you?" "Your photograph, nothing but your photograph," she answered, "in a pretty little gold mounting set in a gold bracelet, with a sprinkling of emeralds and just one solitaire—one only, mind you—no more!"

BOILED BANKNOTES.

Caustic Soda Used to Destroy Worn Out French Currency.

Everybody knows that worn out banknotes in this country are destroyed by maceration at the treasury department, but the manner in which the notes of the Bank of France are destroyed is probably not so well known.

At the head office of the Bank of France there is a permanent tribunal before which all doubtful paper is brought. The tribunal writes "annule" on the faces of the banknotes. The judgment is countersigned by the treasurer, and they are taken to the cellars in which the printing office is situated. In the presence of the bank's official they are brought out for annihilation. Distributed one by one into baskets, the condemned notes are emptied into a great cylinder half filled with water and caustic soda.

The orifice of the cylinder is then locked and set in motion. It turns for two days, at the end of which time the officials who presided at the beginning of the operation return to witness the end of the notes.

Furnished with a long spoon, a workman thrusts into the depths of the cylinder and withdraws a thick, steaming liquid, which he pours into a thin basin. Another workman approaches with a similar spoon, with which he stirs the stuff around to make sure not a remnant has been left of the notes. When the banknote soup has been reduced to paste it is sold for $1 a hundred kilos, about 200 pounds, although the paper at one time cost $5 for two pounds.—Washington Herald.

KIND CAPTAIN KIDD.

His Wickedness and Buried Treasure Both Said to Be Myths.

Doomed to an infamy undeserved, his name reddened with crimes he never committed and made wildly romantic by tales of treasure which he did not bury, Captain William Kidd is fairly entitled to the sympathy of posterity and the apologies of all the balladmakers and alleged historians who have obscured the facts in a cloud of fable.

Fate has played the strangest tricks with the memory of this seventeenth century seafarer, who never cut a throat nor made a victim walk the plank, who was no more than an amateur pirate in an era when this interesting profession was in its heyday and who was hanged at Execution dock for the excessively unromantic crime of cracking the skull of his gunner with a wooden bucket because, forsooth, his majesty's officers were unable to prove their charges of piracy.

As for the riches of Captain Kidd, the original documents in his case, preserved among the state papers of the public record office in London, relate with much detail what booty he had and what he did with it. Alas, they reveal the futurity of the searches after the stout sea chest buried above high water mark. The only authentic Kidd treasure was dug up and inventoried more than 200 years ago, nor has the slightest clew to any other been found since then.—"Romances of Buried Treasure" in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Snail and the Screw.

It is no doubt true that nearly all human inventions have been suggested by natural objects. M. Charles Fremont of the French School of Mines points out an interesting example in the case of the screw, the fundamental idea of which, he believes, was suggested to primitive man by the spiral shell of the edible snail. It was not the shape of the shell that suggested the screw, but the spiral motion which it is necessary to give to the body of the snail in order to withdraw it from the shell. This at once showed that an object of a screw shape embedded in a solid powerfully resisted attempts to withdraw it by a straight pull. The hint was enough, and the screw became one of the earliest of man's inventions.—Youth's Companion.

Real Accommodating.

Olga, Swedish maid of all work, had curiously defined ideas regarding property rights, although she had no intention of being at all dishonest. On one occasion when it was Olga's afternoon out her mistress said to her when she was about to depart from the house:

"Olga, I can't find those handsome silk stockings of mine. Have you seen them?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have them on. I know you stay home today and do not need them. You can have a pair of mine to wear yoost around home if you haf none."—Minneapolis Journal.

He Wanted the Job.

To the colored man who made application for work he listened and awaited the finish of the tale of the applicant's qualifications for the job, then stalled in this manner: "Well, I'd like to give you the place, but I'm afraid I can't for you tell me you are married. I have special reasons for wanting to give this position to a single man." "Why, boss," exclaimed the willing worker, "if dat's de on'y trouble, Ah kin git a divorce between now an' when you all's ready foh me to start in."—Argonaut.

Plumber.

Mulligan, the contractor, put up a church building. Dunn was building inspector then, and when he saw the church he said, "Pat, it isn't plumb."

That made Mr. Mulligan pretty mad. He climbed right up and began to take measurements. Having squinted down the plumb line in a dozen different places, he was ready to report. There was a ring of triumph in his voice.

"Mr. Dunn," he said, "come and look at it y'rself. Plumb, eh? By th' piper that played before Moses, it's more than plumb!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Seven Stars is an inn or public house in Manchester, England, which has held a license continuously since 1370. It served as the meeting place for the Guy Fawkes band of conspirators.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

WHISTLER IN A RAGE.

Lady Meux Made Him Fairly Splutter With Anger.

Whistler painted three portraits of Lady Meux, one of which, the "Sable Picture of Lady Meux," is missing. That one was the third for which Lady Meux sat to the eccentric artist. The other two are described in the Pennell's life of the artist as among his most distinguished portraits. Lady Meux "was handsome, of a more luxuriant type than the women who usually sat to him," and he "found for her harmonies appropriate to her beauty. The first was an 'Arrangement In White and Black,' which few people have seen. There is a sumptuousness in the black of the shadowy background and the velvet gown, in the white of the fur of the long cloak, that Whistler never surpassed. Whistler was pleased with it and spoke of it as his 'beautiful Black Lady.' Lady Meux was so well satisfied that she at once sat for a second portrait. This time the 'harmony' was in 'Flesh Color and Pink,' afterward changed to 'Pink and Gray.'"

The missing portrait was smaller. So far as the artist's biographers could find out, it was never finished. The explanation is probably to be found in this story, quoted in the "Life" from Mr. Harper Pennington:

"The only time I saw Jimmy 'stumped' for a reply was at a sitting of Lady Meux (for the portrait in sables). For some reason Jimmy became nervous—exasperated—and impertinent. Touched by something he had said, her ladyship turned softly toward him and remarked quite softly, 'See here, Jimmy Whistler, you keep a civil tongue in that head of yours or I will have in some one to finish those portraits you have made of me!' with the faintest emphasis on 'finish.' Jimmy fairly danced with rage. He came up to Lady Meux, his long brush tightly grasped and actually quivering in his hand, held tight against his side. He stammered, spluttered and finally gasped out: 'How dare you? How dare you?' But that, after all, was not an answer, was it? Lady Meux did not sit again. Jimmy never spoke of the incident afterward, and I was sorry to have witnessed it."

BLITZ WAS MODEST.

Yet Webster Wouldn't Give the Magician a Treasury Job.

During the presidency of Mr. Tyler I had occasion to call on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state.

Glancing at my card, he turned and readily extended his hand with, "Welcome, signor! No hocus pocus among my papers," covering them with his arms.

After explaining to him my object I received the required information. We laughed and chatted a few minutes, and I was about to retire when I mentioned that I was an applicant for office and hoped I could rely upon his influence in the matter.

"You, a magician, an office seeker, signor?"

"There is only one, sir, I aspire to; all others I should refuse without regard to their emoluments."

"Well, what one is that?" questioned the great statesman in his deep and powerful voice.

"Counting the treasury notes, Mr. Webster."

"The treasury notes, signor?"

"Yes, sir. You might give me 100,000 to count and watch me closely, but you would find only 75,000 when I returned them."

"Signor," he exclaimed, with lively animation, "there is no chance for you; there are better magicians here than you. For there would not be 50,000 left after their counting!"—From "Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz."

In the Wrong Church.

A Cleveland man recently told this story of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, famous New York divine of a generation ago:

A wealthy man came to him and said he wanted to rent one of the most expensive pews in the church. "But," he added, "I'll only take it on one condition—you mustn't expect me to do any church work."

The eminent rector smiled. "My friend," he replied, "you have come to the wrong church. You belong four blocks down the street, in the Church of the Heavenly Rest." — Cleveland Leader.

A Changed Man.

Admiral Capps, addressing a temperance society, told a story of one of the best men he had ever known, who quickly went from bad to worse because of excessive drinking until he became a total wreck.

"One evening," said the admiral, "this prematurely old, thin, worn out man with red rimmed eyes, said, 'You are a good, true, noble woman Jenny, and should have married a better man than I am.'

"Looking at him and thinking of what he once had been she quickly answered, 'I did, James.'"—New York Tribune.

Sensitive Souls.

In one of the schools on the outskirts of a city, where a large percentage of the pupils are of Italian parentage, the teachers were startled one day by the descent of a delegation of infuriated mothers, all gesticulating wildly and pouring forth floods of excited Italian. One of the older pupils, having been sent for to act as interpreter, reported that their cause of complaint was that their children had been ridiculed and made fun of by teachers and pupils.

"In what possible way?" demanded the astounded teacher.

"Why, by a song that you are teaching the children, where you call them 'dagoes'."

Not until the teachers realized that the song was "My Old Kentucky Home" and that the offending words were "The day goes by like a shadow on the heart" was the whole affair made clear, and the mothers, assured that no offense was intended, departed in peace.—Exchange.

The library of the Vatican was begun 1,400 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts.

AFTER THE TEMPEST.

The Genial Calm That Settled Over the Pretty Schoolma'am

A pretty schoolma'am once taught school in a Long Island village. All the young fellows for miles around were mad about her, but the schoolma'am was proud, and none of the boys seemed to stand the ghost of a chance.

Young Jim Brown, the judge's son, was the best looking chap in the town, and Jim probably loved the schoolma'am more than any of her other swains, but he never had the pluck to declare himself. He felt too small and mean before the beauty and learning of the schoolma'am. But one day, the schoolma'am being away on a visit in New York state, Jim asked advice of the editor. The editor said:

"Take the bull by the horns and insert an announcement of your forthcoming marriage in my society column. It will cost you only 50 cents."

So Jim inserted an announcement to the effect that the schoolma'am and he would be married the next month and would spend their honeymoon at Atlantic City.

Well, a short time after this announcement appeared the schoolma'am came back home. Jim heard on all sides how furious she was. For several days he kept away from her. Then one afternoon as she was coming home from school he ran plump into her in the lane.

She let him know at once what she thought of him and his outrageous conduct. She stormed and raved, and her pretty eyes flashed fire. Jim stood first on one foot and then on the other, and finally he blurted out:

"Well, if you don't like it I can have the announcement contradicted."

"Oh, bother it!" said the schoolma'am. "It's too late now."—Washington Star.

This Hard, Cruel World.

Mrs. Crawford—You can have all the bread and butter you want, but no more cake.

Willie—Say, ma, how is if I can never have a second helping of any of the things I like?—Lippincott's.

Neighborly.

Harkins had lived in his new home but a few weeks and scarcely knew his neighbors by sight at the time of his fire. On rushing out of the front door he found two of his neighbors already on the scene.

"I say!" Harkins cried excitedly "will you run to the corner and give the alarm?"

"Very sorry," explained the man "but I have a wooden leg and can't run."

The other neighbor pressed forward.

"I say," said Harkins, turning to his new ally; "while I am getting the things out run over to the corner of the street and hallo 'Fire'!"

"I'm suffering from laryngitis and can't hallos," said the other neighbor in a stage whisper.

There was not a moment to spare but Harkins found time to turn to them and say politely:

"Suppose both of you go into the house and bring out easy chairs and sit down here and enjoy the blaze."—Tit-Bits.

Disappointed In Her.

"And so your father refuses to consent to our union."

"He does, Rodolphus."

The sad youth swallowed a sob.

"Is there nothing left for us, then but an elopement?" said he.

"Nothing."

"Do you think, Clementine, that you could abandon this luxurious home, forget all the enjoyments of great wealth, banish yourself forever from our devoted parents' hearts and go west with a poor young man to enter a home of lifelong poverty and self denial?"

"I could, Rodolphus."

The sad youth rose wearily and reached for his hat.

"Then," said he, "you are far from being the practical girl I have all along taken you to be."

And with one last look around on the sumptuousness that some day he had hoped to share he sobbed and said farewell.—Browning's Magazine.

His End A Good One.

A well-known clergyman was addressing a gathering of young men in an uptown church the other day. He told a little story to illustrate his remarks on the advantages of entering the ministry.

"A certain hen," he said, "had only one chicken and was inordinately fond of it. One day she was forced to leave it to scratch for worms, so she left the chick, with many words of warning, in charge of her rooster husband.

"Now, the local minister happened to drop in on the owner of the fowls for dinner that day and in the absence of the hen the housewife snatched up the chicken and prepared it for the pot. The rooster, with misgivings, told the hen the sad news on her return. To his surprise she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness, at any rate she said, he entered the ministry."—Philadelphia Times.

It Depends.

An actor and a retired army man were discussing the perils of their respective callings.

"How would you like to stand with shells bursting all around you?" the general demanded.

"Well," replied the actor, "it depends on the age of the egg."

A Bad Boy.

Bertie—I don't want to go to bed yet, sis. I want to see you and Mr. Shepherd play cards. Lucie—You wicked boy, to think we should do such a thing! We never do it! Bertie—But I heard mamma tell you to mind how you played your cards when Mr. Shepherd came.

His Solitary Satisfaction.

"Does Jawley always chewgum?"

"No. Why?"

"I never see him that his jaw isn't wagging."

"Oh, that's because he delights in saying to himself the things he would say to his wife if he dared.

"The Fourth Estate"

Wonderful Newspaper Play at the Shubert.

Direct from a record-breaking run of six months in New York City and seven months in Chicago, "The Fourth Estate," the great play of newspaper life, by Joseph Medill Patterson and Miss Harriet Ford, is now in Boston, at the Shubert Theatre, for a limited engagement, including the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

"The Fourth Estate" is a great play of newspaper life, and by a newspaper man who knows the game. Not only is the play beautifully acted, but its mechanical effects and situations are of a nature which not only thrill with their power and startle with their unexpectedness, but the theme of the play is so big, its great questions so easily a part of the every-day life and problems of every man and woman who sees it, that it makes an irresistible appeal, not only to the senses but to the mentality. The play has been staged with a breadth and massiveness which could only make for popularity. Its scenes are marvels of stagecraft, and nothing greater than the much-talked of composing room scene, with its linotype machines, its blazing lights, its toiling pointers, and its hum of industry has ever been given to the stage.

The cast of players is the same which gave the play its great vogue in both Chicago and New York. This engagement of "The Fourth Estate," which has been called the great American drama, will be the only presentation of the play in New England, and the territory tributary to Boston. For the benefit of out-of-town theatregoers the management of the Shubert Theatre announce that mail orders, when accompanied by a remittance, will receive prompt attention and will be filled in the order of their receipt. No better advice to theatregoers, and to non-theatregoers as well, can be given than the terse editorial written by the Editor of the Chicago Tribune, who said, "Go see it!"

The prices for this engagement will range from 50 cents to $1.50.

Musicians and Sneezing.

Nobody can dispute the sincerity of the players in a big orchestra like the Philharmonic or the New York Symphony. Most of the time they take their work seriously, but sometimes the men break loose and play tricks on one another as though they were youngsters in school. Of cause the audience knows nothing of these things; they're usually perpetrated in recesses.

The red pepper trick is the commonest. The jokers scatter it where the bassoon and trombone players are likely to suck it up. The result is chokes and sneezes. Sometimes the epidemic reaches even into the strings, but of course the players on the wind instruments get it worst.

As a matter of fact, the jokers are playing with fire. A confirmed sneezer can't get a job in a good orchestra, no matter how good a performer he may be," said a consistent concert goer. "Think of the effect of a rousing sneeze on a pianissimo! Why it would spoil a whole concert, one sneeze would. A conductor has to guard against a sneeze as he does against insanity."—New York Sun.

A Bawbee From Carlyle.

I used to see Carlyle when I lived as a child in Chelsea. I regarded him with extraordinary aversion and fear. One day I was sent to post a letter. I suppose I was older, though unconscious, as always, of anything ahead. I cannoned into Carlyle. The impact laid me flat on the pavement, where I yelled for some minutes, though soothed eventually by England's great thinker. And then—this is the point of the story—Carlyle dived into his pockets, produced a halfpenny and said kindly, "Here is a bawbee for Bobby." I have the halfpenny to this day. When Mr. Carlyle died I was put into deep mourning. He was the first and perhaps the most interesting of all my street acquaintances.—Robert Ross in London Bystander.

A Field at Home.

A Boston gentleman was showing a West African who is interested in missionary work a number of photographs.

"What is this?" asked the visitor, gazing in wonder at one of them.

"Oh, that's a snapshot taken during a football scrimmage at the stadium."

"But has you church no missionaries to send among these people?" was the quick rejoinder.—Boston Transcript.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

A woman gets a place as a wireless operator because the L. Q. D. heroes are said to be lazy.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

Death expecteth thee everywhere; be wise, therefore, and expect death everywhere.—Quarles.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person" so they all say, and their husbands say so, too!

There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—George Sand.

Have an object as prompt and positive cure for pack headache, biliousness, constipation pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

The future is purchased by the present.—Johnson.

Nerves in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

On The Trail.

In the old days a man known as Judge Douglass lived to Helena, Mont. The judge met with an accident in his youth and had lost both of his legs above the knees. He never would get artificial legs, but had some big leather pads made to fit on the ends of the stumps and walked on them.

Locomotion was slow for the judge, but he managed to cover a good deal of ground and was very fond of walking out on the edge of the town, where he could take his exercise without being the subject of remark from strangers in the city.

One day an Englishman came to Helena to hunt. He had some letters and put up at the Helena club. He stayed around for several days. Finally, after a light fall of snow, he decided to go out into the mountains and get a sheep or a deer or something.

He left early in the morning. When it came night he had not returned. His hosts around the club waited until 8 o'clock and then decided to go out and look him up, thinking he might have been lost in one of the gulches or canyons in the hills.

They formed a rescue party and went out to the edge of the town. There they met the Englishman, who was wildly excited.

"Did you get anything?" they asked him.

"No," he replied, "not yet, but I've been tracking an elephant for the last three hours."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Simple Maid.

'Twas in a simple country town, and the maid of all work was simple and innocent in sympathy. When she returned from shopping half a sovereign short in her change Mrs Mango, Chutney was naturally incensed.

"Go back to each shop, you careless girl," she told the weeping maid, "and tell them you are half a sovereign short in your money and they must give it to you."

Susan went and was back again in half an hour. Entering her mistress' sanctum, she laid five half sovereigns on the table before her. Faithful as always, she had carried out Mrs Mango Chutney's instructions to the letter, and each shopkeeper, fearful of doing wrong and hurting a fellow creature, had thrust the missing coin upon the bewildered girl.—London Answers.

Too Narrow.

Bishop John L. Nuelsen, in an address in Omaha, said of intolerance:

"These intolerant people make one think of young Parson Brownlow. Parson Brownlow one Sunday morning was passing a pond when two skaters went through the ice. The parson, a good swimmer, plunged into the cold, black water, promptly, and after a deal of diving and floundering and struggling he managed to rescue the two boys. He laid their limp forms on the bank side by side and then he began to work their arms vigorously, so as to restore animation, when a deep, reproachful voice cried from the road:

"'Parson!'

"He looked up and beheld the frowning visage of Deacon Jones.

"'Parson,' said the deacon, 'six days shalt thou labor!'"

The Angel Child.

"Martha," said her mamma, "I trust that while you were at your Aunt Martha's you said nothing to offend her."

"Oh, no, mamma," declared the angel child. "I was careful to say things which would make her know that you and papa liked her for herself alone."

"That was proper."

"Why, when she asked me if you folks had named me Martha so that she would leave us her money when she dies I told her that papa and you had talked about that and that papa said we mustn't think of such a thing."

"And what did she say?" asked mamma eagerly.

"Nothing. She just laughed and said I was a good girl and I'd better run along home when I told her what papa said about her going to have a pocket made in her shroud."—Exchange.

A Stubborn Opening.

The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the next morning.

"What kept you out so late last night?" she suddenly demanded.

"It was the opening of the campaign, my dear," the lesser half replied.

"Well, it didn't take three corkscrews to open it, did it?"

And she drew the offending articles from his side pocket and waved them before him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Damascus Olive Groves.

There is an ancient custom under which the olive groves around Damascus are guarded by official watchmen to prevent the trees being stripped by thieves. But on a certain date the governor or some magistrate issues a proclamation warning all owners of olive trees that they must pick their fruit, for after a certain date it becomes public property. If a farmer has his crop only half gathered when that date arrives the public will gather it for him.

The Demons.

"Critics are fine chaps," said an English actor, "but I must confess that when they condemn your play you feel annoyed.

"'I wonder why we call the people in the top of the house gods?' an actress asked an unsuccessful playwright once.

"'We do that,' the unsuccessful playwright answered, 'so as to distinguish them from the people in the bottom of the house who write the criticisms.'"

A Natural Mistake.

"I was just telling our friend here, Molly, that it was storming on the day of our marriage."

"Surely not, Hiram! The weather was perfectly lovely!"

"Well, well! I don't know how I got so mixed up about it; probably because it's been storming ever since!"—Atlanta Constitution.

On Schedule Time.

A young member of of a certain family had the measles, and the family was quarantined. One of the little girls spoke from an open window to a neighbor inquiring into the state of her health:

"No, 'm," she said, "I haven't got 'em yet, but I expect to have 'em day after to-morrow."—Lippincott's.

Historical and Genealogical

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1911.

QUERIES.

6611. DENNIS—Would like to know name of father of John Dennis, of Newark, and Elizabeth, N. J. John Dennis was born 1695, married Mary Cossens about 1720. He died July 18, 1739. They are both buried in St. John's Episcopal Churchyard, Elizabeth, N. J.—W. C.

6612. FRY.—Can anyone give the date of death of Benjamin Fry who was born at East Greenwich, R. I., February 11, 1725? His wife Rachel died in 1798. Wanted also proof that this same Benjamin Fry was Major of the Kent County Militia from 1776 to 1783 or 88.—J. D.

6613. FENN—Who can tell me the parentage of Edward Fenn, of Wallingford, Conn., whose will was probated at New Haven, November 14, 1727? Did he marry Mary Thorp? If so, who were her ancestors?—D. L.

6614. FINSON—Can any one give me information in regard to Ambrose Finson, who was mentioned in the will of Samuel York, of Falmouth, Maine, who later lived in Gloucester, Mass.? He died November 23, 1747. Ambrose Finson was mentioned as his "beloved Friend and kinsman." Who knows just what the connection was?—W. F.

6615. CASE—Who was Hannah——, wife of Joseph Case, of Providence, R. I.? They had a son Joseph, recorded at Kingstown, R. I., born July 18, 1678. Can any one tell me what became of the son Joseph? Whom did he marry? The father Joseph lived to be a very old man, and died 1738. His wife Hannah died 1712.—C. T.

6616. GRIMES—Who was the wife of James Grimes, of Newton, Mass.? They had a daughter Mary, born in Newton, April 25, 1747, and a daughter Keziah, born in Newton, September 28, 1749. Did they marry?—G. B.

6617. PICKERING—John Pickering, Senior, died January 18, 1669. He had wife Mary. What was her maiden name, and who were her parents? When were they married? Had a daughter Mary, born at Cambridge, November 5, 1638. Whom did she marry?—G. N.

6618. WOODWARD—Ancestry wanted of Charles Woodward, born at New London, Conn., May 8, 1779, left an orphan, bound out to a farmer under the laws of Connecticut, said to have been cruelly treated, ran away and bound himself out to Foster Barnard, of Waterloo, N. Y., for seven years, to learn the clothier's trade, and served his time. From about 1790 to 1830, lived at Waterloo, Geneva, Phelps, Rose, and other places in New York. Married August 20, 1810, at Phelps, N. Y., Clarasmond, eldest daughter of John Sherman (6) (John (5) Joseph (4) John (3) Joseph (2) Capt. John (1). Moved to Pittsfield, Michigan, 1830. Died August 15, 1870, and is buried at Ypsilanti, Michigan.

His only brother, Capt Joshua Woodward, was born at New London, Conn., ——, 1780, was bound out to the same man as his brother, ran away with him, and bound himself out to the same at Waterloo, N. Y. Married at Geneva, N. Y., May 15, 1808, Rebecca Wooden, moved to Kent, Ohio, about 1809, and was a captain in the 4th Division of the Ohio Militia, commanded by Major-General Elijah Wadsworth, in the war of 1812. He died at Franklin, Ohio, December 10, 1864.—G. B.

A Moving Sermon.

"I once had a parishioner who was a miser," said an English clergyman. "For this man's benefit I preached one Sunday a strong sermon on the necessity of charity, of philanthropy—a sermon on the duty and joy of giving. The miser, whom I gazed often seemed impressed.

"Next day I met him on the street.

"Well, John" I said what do you think of yesterday's sermon?

"It moved me deeply sir he answered It brought home to me so strongly the necessity of giving alms that honestly sir I've a great mind to turn beggar."

Cruikshank's Long Artistic Life.

In 1863 Cruikshank was asked by the committee who exhibited his "Worship of Bacchus" to associate with that work some of his early drawings in order to prove that he was not his own grandfather!—Chesson's "Cruikshank."

Griggs—After all, the difference between man and woman is one of wear and tear. Briggs—What do you mean? Griggs—Man spends his money foolishly on a tear and woman on wear.—Oakland Mercury.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate,
Providence, March 10, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

Execution of Wills,
Punishing deserting Husbands
Uniform Bills of Lading
Uniform transfer of stock
Setting aside judgments,

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in the bills above mentioned, and which are recommended by the Commission on the Uniformity of Legislation, in Committee Room No. 212, on THURSDAY, the 16th day of March, 1911, at 1.30 o'clock p. m.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 3-11-1w

ASKS FOR TRADING STAMPS

Woman Cheerfully Pays Fine After Beating Her Rival

Muncie, Ind., March 10.—"Certainly, judge; do you give trading stamps?"

Mrs. Edna N. S. Steinbrook asked the question after being informed $1 and costs meant $11 to pay, and she reached into her pocketbook and offered a $10 bill and two silver half dollars. Judge Feely treated the question seriously.

During the day Mrs. Steinbrook appeared at police headquarters and asked to have her husband arrested for being with an unmarried woman, Violina Dewees. She departed without the warrant, threatening personal vengeance.

She found the pair together and sailed in. When she had finished, Violina was the worse for wear and tear. Several "rats" had been lifted from her hair and her curly marguerites were all awry.

KILLS HUSBAND AND SON

Connecticut Woman Then Shoots Herself, Probably Fatally

Branford, Conn., March 10.—For a cause not yet determined, Mrs. Cora Wood, 47 years old, shot and killed her husband, Christopher, 60 years old, and her 11-year-old son, Valdemond, and then made what will probably be a successful attempt at suicide by shooting.

The murders were discovered last night by an elder son, Walter, when he returned home from work. On going up to the second floor he first stumbled onto the body of his father lying fully dressed on the floor, with a bullet hole through the mouth.

His brother he found undressed and in bed, with a hole in the back of his head, and his mother unconscious, lying on the floor.

According to Walter his father and mother had had some slight difficulties over money matters. The mother and Valdemond were both seen around the house late in the afternoon.

WOMAN A PRISONER FOR FORTY YEARS

Has Not Left Her Home During All That Period

Bridgeport, Conn., March 3.—At a hearing on the application of her son for the appointment of a conservator over Mrs. William H. Thorpe, 76 years old, wife of a Grand Army man, in the probate court, testimony was given to show that Mrs. Thorpe, alleged to be incompetent and worth $75,000, has been kept a prisoner in her home for forty years.

In all that time, it was testified, she has never handled a dollar, has never left her own premises, never wore a women's hat and, although there is a trolley line about two blocks from her house, she has never seen a trolley car. She has lived in this city practically all her life.

Tax Department

CITY OF NEWPORT

Assessors' Notice.

The Assessors of Taxes of the City of Newport hereby give notice that they will assess and apportion on the inhabitants of said city, and the ratable property therein, the tax ordered and levied by the Representative Council of said City by vote of the 6th day of March, A. D. 1911, on Wednesday, March 29, A. D. 1911, at 12 o'clock noon, and that they will meet and be in session in their rooms in the City Hall (on the second floor), in said Newport, every day, except Sundays, from and including

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1911,

To and including

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1911,

From 9 o'clock a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 o'clock to 5 o'clock p. m.

For the purpose of receiving a true and exact account of all the ratable estates of every person and body corporate, liable to taxation in said City.

EVERY PERSON AND BODY CORPORATE LIABLE TO TAXATION IN THE PREMISES, IS HEREBY NOTIFIED AND REQUIRED TO BRING IN TO SAID ASSESSORS, WITHIN THE TIME OR TIMES, AND AT THE PLACE OF MEETING AND SESSION OF SAID ASSESSORS AS ABOVE DESIGNATED, A TRUE AND EXACT ACCOUNT OF ALL HIS RATABLE ESTATE, DESCRIBING AND SPECIFYING THE VALUE OF EVERY PARCEL OF HIS REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE.

THE GENERAL LAWS OF RHODE ISLAND PROVIDE THAT:

"Every person bringing in any such account shall make oath before some one of the Assessors that the account exhibited by him contains to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and full account and valuation of all his ratable estate; AND WHOEVER NEGLECTS OR REFUSES TO BRING IN SUCH ACCOUNT, IF OVERTAXED, SHALL HAVE NO REMEDY THEREFOR."

Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified that all the foregoing applies to them and to Trust Estates as well as to other persons and property.

ROBERT S. GASH, Chairman,
JOHN E. O'NEILL,
JAMES E. BLAKE,
3-11-3w Assessors of Taxes.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate,
Providence, March 10, 1911.
ADJOURNED

PUBLIC HEARING.

Public Service Commission.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in the bill

Relating to the Appointment of a Public Service Commission,

in Committee Room No. 212, on FRIDAY, the 17th day of March, 1911, at 1.30 o'clock p. m.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 2-11-1w

The "Hall Mark" OF COMFORT.

The Hall Seat, most expressive of comfort, is a silent but effective invitation to "the stranger within your gates"—such a piece we offer.

Note that the generous width of the seat is fully forty inches and that the back is unusually broad. It is a Titus Special in either.

Oak Or Imitation Mahogany.

The top of the seats lifts up, revealing a deep recess for umbrellas, rubbers, etc—the arm rests are comfortably low. Whichever wood you select as harmonizing best with the woodwork of your hall the price is the same.

$13.50

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage.

These trains are splendidly equipped—vestibule, buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS
Daily, Sundays included.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS
Daily except Sundays.
Due Washington 9.44 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. H. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.

JOURNEYS OF DOUBTFUL VALUE can be avoided by the aid of TELEPHONE SERVICE. Toll charges are often money savers.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
CONTRACT DEPARTMENT, 142 SPRING STREET.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

Some Splendid Bargains IN USED AND

Second Hand Pianos.

They Are In Fine Order AND WILL BE

Fully Guaranteed.

Extra Discount for Cash.

BARNEY'S Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

A Fish Story.

"There are as good fish in the sea as were ever taken out of it," remarked Small and Young, who had been refused by Mousybag's daughter.

"Yes, I know. But they are not goldfish."

Cause.

Prosecutor (examining talesman)—Have you ever known the prisoner or his counsel? Talesman—Yes. His council gave me some advice once in a lawsuit. Prosecutor—You are excused. You would evidently sympathize with the prisoner.—Life.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 8th, 1911.

Estate of Benjamin Mumford.

EDWARD L. SPENCER, Administrator de bonis non with the will annexed of the estate of Benjamin Mumford, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first account with the estate of said deceased for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the twenty-seventh day of March instant, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

3-11-3w DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 8th, 1911.

Estate of George W. Green.

EDWARD L. SPENCER, Administrator de bonis non with the will annexed of the estate of George W. Green, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the twenty-seventh day of March instant, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; And it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

3-11-3w DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Carr's List.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN, by Robert Chambers.
ROBERT KIMBERLY, by Frank H. Spearman.
A GREAT MAN, by Arnold Bennett.
THE SECOND WIFE, by Thompson Buchanan.
MAUD BAXTER, by C. C. Hotchkiss, author of Betsy Ross.
THE LURE OF THE ANTIQUE, by Walter A. Dyer.
THE MARKS OF A MAN, by Robert E. Speer.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Section 1. So much of the available receipts and income accruing to the City Treasury of said City during the current municipal fiscal year, with the money now in the Treasury, as will provide the sums hereinafter apportioned and appropriated, is hereby apportioned and appropriated for the said municipal fiscal year, for the purposes and subject to the limitations specified in detail, as follows:

1.1	Mayor's Office,	$1,760 00
1.2	Council,	6,626 00
1.3	City Clerk,	5,678 00
1.4	Law Department,	1,025 00
1.6	City Treasurer,	8,415 00
1.7	Tax Collector,	2,760 00
1.8	City Assessors,	2,050 00
1.9	Sinking Fund Commissioners,	90 00
1.10	Statistical Department,	276 00
1.11	Other General Officers,	1,450 00
1.12	City Hall (General Offices),	6,841 54
1.13	Elections,	5,500 00
1.14	Indexing and Preservation of Records,	500 00
2.0	Public Charities and Corrections: Supervision,	562 00
2.1	Poor, Almshouse,	5,900 00
2.2	Poor Out-door Relief,	9,070 00
2.5	Miscellaneous Public Charities (Burials),	105 00
2.6	Hospitals,	8,890 00
	Hospitals: In charge of Board of Health,	400 01
2.8	Prisons and Reformatories,	500 00
2.9	Miscellaneous. (City Physician)	1,637 00
3.1	Courts,	8,956 00
3.2	Police Department,	43,904 60
3.4	Fire department,	56,810 00
3.6	Inspections and Inspectors,	4,182 80
3.7	Public Weights and Measures,	75 00
	Public Weights and Measures: Highway Dept.,	100 00
3.8	Miscellaneous Public Safety,	4,123 75
	Miscellaneous Public Safety: Highway Dept.,	60 00
4.0	Public Health: Supervision,	3,190 00
4.1	Health Department,	4,555 00
4.2	Quarantine and Pest House,	650 00
4.5	Health Inspectors,	550 00
5.0	Public Sanitation: Supervision,	2,637 75
5.1	Street Cleaning,	50,000 00
	Refuse and Garbage Disposal: Parks,	50 00
5.2	Refuse and Garbage Disposal: Highway Dept.,	6,650 00
	Refuse and Garbage Disposal: Board of Health,	10,088 00
5.3	Sewers and Sewage Disposal,	38,150 00
5.4	Miscellaneous: (Public Convenience),	925 00
6.0	Public Highways and Bridges: Supervision,	2,428 79
6.1	Engineering,	1,075 00
6.3	Street Repairing,	29,000 00
6.5	Street Paving,	Highway Construction,
6.4	Sidewalks and Curbings,	Highway Construction, 41,905 00
6.5	Gutters and Drains,	Highway Construction,
6.6	Snow Removal,	3,500 00
6.7	Street Lighting,	87,495 54
6.8	Street Sprinkling,	18,000 00
6.9	Bridges,	300 00
7.0	Public Schools: Supervision,	4,190 00
7.1	Elementary Schools,	42,884 53
7.2	Grammar Schools,	80,418 00
7.3	High School,	38,707 60
7.4	Schools for Special Education,	11,358 00
7.5	Evening Schools,	1,000 00
9.0	Public Recreation and Celebrations: Supervision,	800 00
9.1	Public Parks,	4,615 00
9.2	Public Parkways and Bridges,	500 00
9.3	Public Playgrounds,	1,600 00
	Public Baths, Bathing Beaches, etc., Board of Ald.,	624 50
9.4	Public Baths, Bathing Beaches, etc., Highway Dept.,	1,925 00
9.6	Public Celebrations and Entertainments, Board of Ald.,	1,200 00
9.7	Miscellaneous. Park Dept.,	500 00
	Miscellaneous. Highway Dept.,	450 00
10.7	Docks and Wharves,	800 00
	Docks and Wharves: Highway Dept.	1,025 50
10.10	Cemeteries,	710 00
11.2	Interest on Bonded Debt,	41,750 00
11.3	Interest on Temporary Tax Loans,	3,500 00
11.4	Interest on City Notes,	3,025 00
11.7	Bonds,	1,000 00
11.9	Revenue Loans,	10,000 00
11.12	Sinking Funds,	17,825 00
	Water Supply,	10,000 00
	State Tax,	90,600 00
		$711,162 25

Sec. 2. The appropriations heretofore made by Ordinance passed January 2, 1911, are included in the above appropriations, and so much of said appropriations as has already been paid out by virtue of said Ordinance is to be deducted from the appropriations made by Section 1 hereof.

Sec. 3. All boards, commissions or officers who have approved bills which have been paid from the appropriations made by Ordinance passed January 2, 1911, shall immediately, upon the passage of this Ordinance notify the City Treasurer to which specific appropriation said bills should be charged and enter such charge on their books accordingly.

Sec. 4. No city officer nor committee shall incur any liability against the city, or make or cause any expenditure or payment out of the funds of the city beyond or in excess of any appropriation hereinbefore ordered, unless such liability, expenditure or payment shall be occasioned by the laws of the State, or be specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council, in conformity to the provisions of the Ordinance relating to annual appropriations.

Sec. 5. No sum appropriated for a specific purpose shall be expended for any other purpose, unless otherwise specifically authorized by vote of the Representative Council. No expenditure shall be made nor liability incurred by or in behalf of the city until an appropriation has been duly voted by the Representative Council sufficient to meet such expenditure or liability, together with all unpaid liabilities which are payable out of such appropriation.

Sec. 6. This Ordinance shall take effect upon its passage.

(Passed March 6, 1911.)
A true copy, Attest,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-11-3w City Clerk.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Amendment to an Ordinance, entitled, "An Ordinance, Concerning Dealers in Junk and Second-hand Articles," passed March 16, 1909.

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Sec. 1. Section 3 of said Ordinance is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

"Third: Every said licensed person shall keep in a book, a contemporaneous record in the English language, of the business done by him, as follows: A description of every article purchased or sold by him, at the time of such purchase or sale, the name and residence of the person from or to whom the same was purchased or sold, and the day and hour of such purchase or sale."

Sec. 2. This amendment shall take effect upon its passage.

(Passed March 6, 1911.)
A true copy, Witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-11-3w City Clerk.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL.

An Ordinance in amendment of an Ordinance, entitled, "Streets and Their Use."

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:—

Section 1. Section 12 of said Ordinance is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—

"Sec. 12. Persons may place coal ashes and household refuse (other than swill or house offal) in boxes or barrels, not to exceed five barrels at any one time, except from public buildings, in the streets of the city before half past seven o'clock A. M., as follows: In the first ward, every Monday; in the second ward, every Tuesday; in the third ward, every Wednesday; in the fourth ward, every Thursday; in the fifth ward, every Friday."

Section 2. This Ordinance shall take effect January 1, 1912.

(Passed March 6, 1911.)
A true copy, Witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-11-3w City Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate Chamber,
Providence, March 8, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

Clam Fisheries.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in

An Act providing for the Protection of the Soft Shell Clam Fisheries.

in Committee Room No. 212, on WEDNESDAY, March 15, 1911, at 1.30 o'clock p. m.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 3-4-2w

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in amendment of an Ordinance entitled, "Building Ordinance," passed March 6, 1908, by the Representative Council of the City of Newport.

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Section 1. Section 200 of said Ordinance is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

"No person shall hereafter erect, place or cause to be placed, any sign of any kind of material whatsoever unless the same shall be placed parallel with some building and secured thereto, and not projecting from such building to which it shall be secured more than six inches into or over any public highway or street; provided that nothing herein contained shall be constructed to prohibit the marking, painting or printing upon any awning constructed according to law."

Section 2. Section 201 is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 201. The roof of all permanent new wooden constructions shall be covered with metal, clay, tile, slate, asbestos, gravel or slag laid in the manner and form as prescribed in Section 210.

Section 3. Section 206 is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—

Sec. 206. If altered or reconstructed in any way, a metal, tile, slate, slag or gravel roofing shall be substituted; the slag or gravel to be laid in manner and form prescribed in section 210.

Section 4. Section 207 is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—

Sec. 207. Sheds of wood not over fifteen feet to the highest point of roofs, and continually open on at least one side, with the closed sides and roof thereof covered with metal, clay, tile, slate, slag or gravel, may be built on permits from the Inspector, but no fence shall be used on any side of such shed. The slag or gravel to be laid in manner and form as prescribed in section 210.

Section 5. Section 208 is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—

Sec. 208. Exterior privies, in streets not sewered, wood or coal houses not exceeding one hundred and fifty square feet in superficial area and not over eight feet in height may be built with roofs covered with metal, tile, slate or slag or gravel roofing, only upon permit from the Inspector. The slag or gravel roofing to be laid in manner and form as prescribed in Section 210.

Section 6. Section 210 is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—

Sec. 210. All roofs and cornices, the tops and sides of all dormers and gables, all balustrades, pediments and details generally, both structural and ornamental shall be of slate, metal, terra cotta, slag or gravel roofing, provided if slag or gravel roofing is used it shall be composed of not less than five layers of roofing felt, weighing not less than fourteen pounds per one hundred square feet, single thickness, and for each one hundred square feet of such roof there shall be used not less than one hundred and twenty pounds of coal-tar, pitch or asphalt and this covered with not less than four hundred pounds of clean gravel or three hundred pounds of slag from ¼ to ½ inch in size free from dirt, per one hundred square feet of complete roof. The material to be applied as the Building Inspector may direct.

Section 7. Section 110 is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—

Sec. 110. Concrete for foundation shall be made of two parts of sand, one part of cement, and not more than five parts of small, clean broken stone or clean cinders, good sharp gravel, all to be carefully mixed immediately before using.

Section 8. This Ordinance shall take effect April 1, 1911.

(Passed March 6, 1911.)
A true copy, Witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-11-3w City Clerk.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance creating the office of Superintendent of Hacks.

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport as follows:

Section 1. The mayor, with the advice and consent of the board of aldermen shall from time to time appoint one of the police constables of said city, to act as superintendent of hacks. Said superintendent shall issue all licenses granted by the mayor and aldermen for hackney carriages and drivers of such carriages and for all other vehicles; shall collect the license fees therefor and pay the same to the city clerk as soon as collected, shall keep an account of the number of every license issued by him as aforesaid, and the number and description of every carriage so licensed, and the name and place of residence of the owner or owners of every such carriage, and the name and place of residence of every driver who may be licensed as aforesaid, and shall report said account and the matters and information contained therein as often as once in every week to the city clerk to be by said clerk recorded. Said superintendent shall have the general supervision of hackney carriages, trucks and other vehicles mentioned in this chapter, and shall see that the provisions hereof, and the conditions of the licenses issued as aforesaid are strictly enforced and observed, and shall also see to the enforcement of all other ordinances of the City of Newport relative to hackney carriages and other vehicles, or to hackmen or expressmen or other persons driving or having charge of vehicles; and he shall promptly investigate all complaints that may be made to him of violations of said ordinances or conditions, and all irregularities in his department that may come to his knowledge, keeping a full and complete record of all the same and of his doings thereon, and reporting thereupon to the mayor whenever he shall be required or shall think proper to do so; and especially shall he report to the mayor whenever he shall think that any license for a carriage or a driver ought to be revoked. He shall receive in addition to his pay as police constable compensation for the time he shall actually continue to fill said office of superintendent at the rate of one hundred dollars a year.

Sec. 2. All said licenses shall expire on the first Monday of May next after the date thereof.

Sec. 3. The mayor may at any time by and with the advice and consent of the board of aldermen revoke the appointment of any superintendent of hacks and appoint a successor to said superintendent.

Sec. 4. An Ordinance in amendment of Section 1 of Chapter 36 of an Ordinance comprising the revised Ordinances of the City of Newport passed March 6, 1908, is hereby repealed.

Sec. 5. This Ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed March 6, 1911.)
A true copy, Witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-11-3w City Clerk.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in amendment of an Ordinance of the Police Commission of the City of Newport, entitled, "An Ordinance in amendment of Chapter 15 of an Ordinance comprising the revised Ordinances of the City of Newport."

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Section 1. Section 18 of said Chapter is hereby amended by striking out the word "one" in the phrase "Patrolmen who have served less than one year," and substituting therefor the word "two"; and striking out the word "five" in the phrase "except those officers who have not served five years or more," and substituting therefor the word "three."

Section 2. This Ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed March 6, 1911.)
A true copy, Witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-11-3w City Clerk.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport as follows:

Section 1. A tax for the current municipal fiscal year of not less than six hundred and fifteen thousand dollars ($615,000.00) nor more than six hundred and thirty thousand dollars ($630,000.00) is hereby imposed and levied and shall be assessed and apportioned by the Assessors of Taxes of this City, on or before the first day of July next, on the inhabitants of this city and the ratable property within the same; said tax shall be collected and paid into the City Treasury on and between the first day of July and the thirty-first day of August next, and all taxes remaining unpaid on said last named day shall carry until collected a penalty at the rate of twelve per centum per annum.

Sec. 2. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed March 6, 1911.)
A true copy, Witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-11-3w City Clerk.